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JOURNAL

OF

A FEW MONTHS' RESIDENCE

IN

PORTUGAL,

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AND

GLIMPSES OF THE SOUTH OF SPAIN.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. I.

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EDWARD MOXON, DOVER STREET.
MDCCCXLVII.

1847

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LONDON:
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

THESE NOTES

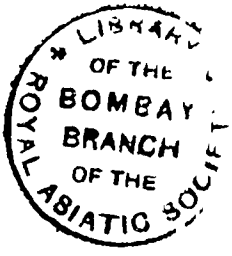
ARE DEDICATED,

IN ALL REVERENCE AND LOVE,

TO

MY FATHER AND MOTHER,

FOR WHOM THEY WERE WRITTEN.



PREFACE.

If I had set out from home with the project of writing a book, I might as well perhaps have gone to Portugal as to any remoter quarter; for there is no accessible portion of the globe that has not been visited and described; and after all the fightings and writings in and on Portugal, there is, I believe, no country in Europe that is less thoroughly familiar to us, none indeed which has been more imperfectly explored by tourists. It is still in fact a labyrinth to strangers, just as Spain was one immense maze of labyrinths till the other day, when Mr. Ford supplied the clue by the production of his methodical, comprehensive, and most intelligent Handbook—too humble

a name for so high a work—shaming the De la Bordes and all preceding pioneers through that vast wilderness. A similar publication on Portugal, on a scale of course proportionably reduced, and therefore a labour comparatively moderate, would be precious from the same hand, not only to foreigners but to natives;—especially if written in a spirit of courtesy, which we too often dispense with in our comments on the Portuguese, but to which they are nevertheless well entitled. Childe Harold's rash and unlordly sneer has become vulgar in the mouth of Echo, and is therefore unworthy of repetition by a writer like Mr. Ford. "Our old and faithful ally," Lusitania, revolts at the airs of affectionate contempt with which she is patronised by England, and if we would reclaim any particle of her good-will, we should learn to repress our superciliousness, and—

> "Be to her faults a little blind,
> Be to her virtues very kind."

The worst symptom in her modern character, and

one indeed which to us at a distance does make the Portuguese appear ridiculous, is that everlasting *civil-warring* on a small scale, which seems to begin without a plan, to pause without a result, and after a sullen lull to be resumed without any definite aim. But for these turbulent humours the mass of the people are far less to blame than some of their upstart rulers, who, availing themselves of the evils of a disputed succession, have made the instability of the throne and the fever of the public mind subserve their dishonest ambition, like thieves to whom an earthquake or a fire is an opportunity for plunder.

A stranger has little to apprehend from the natives even when they are in commotion, if he will but refrain from intermeddling in the quarrel. If he has the good fortune to be among them as we were, between the moves, he is safe enough. As for me, though of the sex in whom cowardice is no disgrace, I cannot say I anticipated hazard, or required much persuasion, in rambling out of the beaten tracks in a

country where so few English ladies ever travel at all. Nor have I any personal adventure to relate; for, as we met none, I resisted the temptation of getting up a few "moving accidents and hairbreadth 'scapes," and of so giving to my Journal the attraction of a Story-book. The truth is, as I believe, that unless you lay yourself out for danger by some bravado, or some indiscretion of temper, or by neglect of such ordinary precautions as are customary and reasonable, you may, when the country is not overrun with *civil warriors*, travel in Portugal as securely, if not so smoothly, as you can navigate the Thames from Vauxhall to Richmond, or as you may ascend the Nile from Cairo to the Cataracts, where, under the protectorate of Mehemet Ali, you have for the present no chance of an adventure if you do not make one for yourself; and hardly of a new one even then, unless you could outdo Mr. Waterton, and ride an alligator up the Rapids to Assuan.

The following Diary, prepared solely for my friends

at home, will in no degree help to supply the want that I have mentioned of a complete Guide-book for Portugal, nor even for the limited portion of it which I have seen. It gives but a slight notice here and there of a few of the more remarkable objects that to me had all the charm of uncommonness; and it is diffuse only on the attractive beauty and freshness of the landscapes, and on the generally amiable character of the inhabitants. On the first of these two subjects, the natural scenery, I have dwelt with a fondness that may expose me to the raillery of having produced rhapsodies "where pure description holds the place of sense;" on the other topic, the good qualities of the Portuguese people, I can truly say, "As I found the Portuguese, so I have characterised them." My main inducement, indeed, to the publication of this desultory Journal is the wish to assist in removing prejudices which make Portugal an avoided land by so many of my roving countrymen and countrywomen, who might there find much to

gratify them if they could be persuaded that it does not deserve the reproach of being merely a land of unwashed fiery barbarians and over-brandied port-wine. The shores of the Minho and of the Douro, as well as of the Tagus, so long called "the home-station" of our Navy, are now easy of access as the Banks of the Rhine; and almost the whole length of the inland country, from Braganza to Faro, has, to most of our travellers who have been everywhere else, the grand recommendation of being *new*. It is to this "great fact," the possibility of finding novelty even yet in the Old World, and in a quarter within three days' voyage from the Isle of Wight, that I would call their attention, and not theirs only, but that also of ramblers from The New World, the countrymen of Prescott and Washington Irving, of whom every year brings so many to the Mediterranean side of Spain, yet so few to this, the Atlantic shore of Spain and western-most coast of Europe—a shore which ought peculiarly to interest all Americans

—for hither swam Columbus from his burning ship, here he found a home and a wife, and here he meditated and prepared his plan of discovery long before Isabella's patronage enabled him to realize it. Here, too, Martin Bœhm found patronage; here Magellan and Alvares Cabral were born; and here, in the service of King Emanuel, died Americus, the man from whom half the globe so strangely received a name.

In looking over my notes, now that they are printed, I fear that some observations on English prejudice, near the end of this volume, may wear an ungracious air of censoriousness, as if I were lecturing my own countrywomen while praising the Portuguese. Ungracious truly, and even ungrateful should I be, who am much indebted to the civilities of English ladies at Oporto, if I could intend to express myself with discourtesy to them. My remarks are made in the spirit of my motto *por bem*, in answer to some of my friends, by whom, I think,

the Portuguese are misundersood. For example, we often heard of Portuguese meanness as to household arrangements and other matters that are simply conventional, and to which we apply the reproach of sordidness, because they differ from ours. This is surely inconsiderate. Many of our usages are open to similar censure from them, if they chose to make their particular notions the arbitrary rule of right or wrong. They might compare, for instance, with ours or with that of the French, their mode of proceeding in so strict a test of generosity as a creditor's legal power over his debtor. Every one knows that in a case of bankruptcy with us, the insolvent merchant or trader is compelled to make a surrender of every particle of property in his possession, and that the obligation is pretty rigidly enforced, except perhaps as to the watch in his pocket. His furniture and all his household goods go to the auctioneer's hammer as a matter of course, not excepting the cradle in which his babe slept the night before.

This severe justice the Portuguese creditor might stigmatise as meanness; for, though the law gives him ample power over "the assets," he never molests the family of a debtor, by sending a broker to take an inventory of his furniture,—never dreams of demanding a list of the watches, gold chains, pearls, jewels, trinkets of any sort, that may be possessed by his wife or daughters; never inquires into the amount or value of these things—never meddles with them at all; and it is to be observed that the Portuguese creditor, so far from withholding the benefit of such lenity from the foreign resident who may happen to fail in his debt, is usually observant of even greater delicacy to a stranger in such circumstances than to one of his own people. In a commercial city like Oporto, where Bacchus sits soberly at his ledger, vigilant of profit and loss, such gentleness to distress rather implies magnanimity than meanness.

JOURNAL

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SOUTHAMPTON, MAY 7TH, 1845.

QUEEN steamer weighed anchor at 3 P.M. All well as we sailed down the river. A noisy, merry dinner, at which eleven out of the twelve passengers were present: quickly one after another disappeared, and before we had passed The Needles, there was but one gentleman left in the saloon. It blew a gale in the channel, and this increased as we approached the Bay of Biscay, and there we had a storm. We lost our top-sail, and the morning greeting of a sailor to a comrade, on the 10th of May, was, "Dirty weather this, more like November than May;" and as the Captain was making his way along the fore-part of

the vessel—rather a dangerous navigation, for the waves were dashing over the deck as if determined to sweep away all before them,—I overheard him say, a little impatiently, "One need be web-footed in a ship like this." But a good little ship she is, and right steadily and boldly did she work her course. We were off Corunna soon after sunset on the 10th; but the wind blew so strong, our Captain thought it prudent not to attempt to enter the bay till daylight should clear away all difficulties. Those among us who had never crossed this stormy sea before, thanked him for the delay, when we found ourselves on deck at 5 A.M., on the 11th, for the first time since we left the Hampshire coast, and our vessel quietly anchored in the centre of that beautiful land-locked bay—the bright sunshine falling upon the white walls of the town, which seems to grow out of the water, and runs more than half-way up the green sloping heights, the summits of which are fringed with red-capped wind-mills. The outline of the hills behind these heights reminded me of the Troutbeck mountain-range, as seen from the large island on Winandermere. Boats pushing off from the shore, some very rude in form, some of less primitive shape,

but all gay and picturesque. The two which brought the government officers recalled to memory that description of Camoens beginning—

> " Hum batel grande, e largo, que toldado
> Vinha de sedas de diversas cores,
> Traz o rei de Melinde, acompanhado
> De nobres de seu reino"—

though, instead of a black prince with his attendant chiefs—

> " Dusk faces with white silken turbans wreathed"—

they brought only Galician functionaries, from the custom-house and board of health. There were the awning, under which sat the important officer, the oarsmen, the sea sparkling under the stroke of the oar, the earnest and to me unintelligible jabber of the men as they closely examined our iron steamer, whilst their master was engaged with our postmaster and captain in the cabin. All this there was to gratify the eye; and the ear was cheered by sound of Sabbath-bells calling to matins. Well might such a scene make us forget the horrors of a three days' weltering in the Bay of Biscay.

We were too soon again in motion, and too soon was I obliged to quit the deck; but not before I

had stored in my mind a picture of the entrance to Corunna, and had had pointed out to me the spot where Sir John Moore now rests; and had admired again and again the track of foam which the vessel left behind her, and which, lighted up by the brilliant sunshine, appeared as of shivered emeralds. But Cape Finisterre was lost to me, nor could I gaze upon the glories of "a sunset at sea," nor look upon the lights which told where Vigo stood; but I could hear, more distinctly than was agreeable, the noise and clamour made by some deck passengers who here came on board with baskets full of poultry,—fowls, turkeys, ducks, geese, which they were taking to the Lisbon market; and difficult would it have been to decide whether the cries of alarm from the birds, or those of anger, as it seemed, from the men, were more discordant. Birds and bearers were at last quieted, and we steamed away as smoothly and as silently as a steamer can steam: the stars shone brightly, and the crescent moon astonished me by the power of her light. We who were bound for Oporto were not a little anxious for the continuance of calm weather, and not a little thankful to find, at 5 A.M., May 12, on arriving off

the mouth of the Douro, that the bar was not "up." The morning was glorious; sea studded with open boats, many filled with fishermen, but more carrying peasants to the famous festa at Matozinhos. A boat came out to us from "the Huts": the luggage was first stowed therein, and then the passengers, a pretty load! Merry pilot, merry rowers—there were twelve of them—merrier passengers. Hardly had we cleared the rocks, and shot under shelter of the breakwater, when boatmen rushed out of the boat into the sea to the shore; men, women, and children, rushed from the shore into the sea towards the boat; and by aid of all these persons, the packages and passengers were indiscriminately carried to land. Donkies were in waiting to carry our party to The Foz; we mounted them, leaving all the luggage in a heap on this wild coast, surrounded by a crowd of people, wild-looking as savages, with their bare necks, bare arms, bare legs and feet, waiting till the custom-house officer should give to each the burthen that was to be carried to the custom-house at Oporto, more than three miles distant—a very inconvenient and stupid process. I looked with amazement at the girls as they passed *us*, tripping

away with huge boxes on their heads—boxes that two of them could not have raised from the ground; or as we again passed *them* when they had stopped to talk with some friend upon the road, unconcerned about the weight upon their heads, as if it had been a bag of down. The first flower I saw in Portugal was our own little English sea-sand bladder-plant; and in the first room I entered, there was blazing in an English grate an English coal fire—but we went to the house of an English gentleman. Much, however, within the house, and all outside the house, were sufficiently *un*-English to satisfy my craving after foreign novelties.

To give a true and lively picture of St. John's da Foz, and of the scenery of the Douro up to Oporto, I cannot do better than extract, by permission, a few passages from a story called "The Belle."

"A motley place is this village of Foz. Suppose in about latitude 41, longitude 8½, a ragged curve of rocks of sundry shades, from yellowish brown to black, ranging in height from three or four to fifteen or twenty feet, and broken into a thousand forms by the everlasting pressure of the Atlantic Ocean on this salient portion of the Old World. Suppose,

among these wave-rent rocks, many sands, crecks, and little bays; within them a sloping shore of soft deep sand, surmounted by a rough bank on which a village has been constructed on a scheme as rude and irregular as that of the rocks it overlooks. What must have been originally a hamlet for fishermen, is now the fashionable sea-bathing place of the north of Portugal. Huts and hovels of the meanest appearance remain unabashed by the taller and more commodious residences that have sprung up among them for the reception of summer visitants. This village, which covers a considerable extent of ground, is intersected by several ill-paved lanes, called streets, by courtesy: and these are linked by others still narrower, winding up and down in eccentric carelessness, and wandering among garden-walls. On a moderate height, at the northern extremity of the place, is the lighthouse of 'Our Lady of the Light.' The broad substantial church is conspicuous in the centre of the village, amidst a cluster of houses of all sizes. Below the church, on a tongue of land that projects into the sea, stands the little sullen fort that defends the mouth of the harbour, and domineers over the in-coming and out-going shipping. The

opposite shore, the left bank of the river, is a stiff ridge, darkened with pine-trees. At its base are some huge grey stones. A bank of sand, called the Cabedello, runs across the harbour, of which the mouth, between that bank and the port, is therefore very narrow. Just without the entrance to the river are many sunken and some visible rocks, with shifting sands among them, and these form the Bar of Oporto. Eastward of the fort is an unfinished wall of strong masonry, checking the tide, and within it is a large area of sand, where the fishermen make, mend, and dry their nets, and bleach their wet sails in the sun," (and where we used to canter on horseback to and fro by the hour, our horses full of fire and frolic, starting back from the half-spent foam-crested wave, as it was about to break over their feet). "This is called the Lower Cantereira. Between it and the Upper Cantereira, a pleasant, thinly-planted walk, along the river side, towards Oporto, are two sloped causeways, flagged—landing-places for the city boats, and the fishermen's *catrayas*.

"This little scattered chaos of sombre rocks, yellow sands, white walls, and red-tiled roofs, of tenements incongruously spread, or rather thrown as if

by chance, in clumps and patches, here huddled in bunches, and there diffused in thin lines, is San João da Foz. Yet even in its architecture there are some things that strike the eye of the stranger, as having a character of elegance, particularly the stone crosses that are seen above the various chapels and oratories, and, from some points of view, when the eye comes upon them suddenly, have a singularly magical appearance; for instance, when they are seen over trellises of vines that hide the building to which they belong, and show the crosses, self-poised as it were, in air. The stone fountains, too, with their picturesque frequenters are always pleasing objects.

"At the back of the village are fields of grass, and rye, and maize, and dark pine groves, so resinously fragrant after showers. All these objects, and above all, that grand, ever-variable ocean, and the glorious sunny skies,"—made our sojourn from May to November perfectly delightful. One of our grand amusements was to go down to the beach to witness the bathing.

Here again I take the allowed liberty of extracting the account given of this exceedingly picturesque and very strange scene, in "The Belle."

"On a sandy flat, flanked by dark and rugged patches of rock, square tents are pitched; and thus a compact hamlet is formed of poles and canvass, with strait spaces of pathway, necessary for access to the tents, which are the dressing-rooms for the bathers. Persons of all stations come hither to bathe; while idlers, male and female, stand on the ledges of rocks and on the sands, and gaze at them as they go into these mysterious cabins, attired in their usual dresses, gay or sordid, and as they come out again—the women, clad to the throat in coarse full robes of blue frieze," (their hair beautifully arranged, braided on the forchead, secured by bands of ribbon, and hanging down the back in long plaits, tied with ribbon, pink or blue, like the one which encircles the head); "the men in jackets and trowsers of the same material as the dresses of the women. Assistants, both male and female, who look like cousin-germans to the Tritons, conduct the bathers into the sea, and hold them while there,—ducking and sousing them in every big wave that comes threatening and storming over them, like a platoon of soldiers firing with blank cartridge. The bathers stand as the wave approaches, then 'duck the flash,' the wild water blusters over

them; then they rise, and pant, and sob, clinging to their guides. It is not unfrequent to see stout young fellows thus led into the water by bathing women, and hugging them with all the tenacity of girls afraid of being drowned. You have the blind, the lame, and the halt; the young and the handsome of both sexes, the hale and the infirm, the old old man, and more haggard old woman, and the whimpering cherub-child, all floundering in the waves together, like the crew and passengers of a wreck. Among these groups of ghastly old visages, and swart young faces, illuminated by black flashing eyes, may now and then be seen two or three fair daughters of the north, English or German. The sight of all these people thus grouped and huddled together in or on the margin of a basin of the sea, and so many of them aged and feeble, suggests the idea of a pool of Bethesda. An English person, just landed on these shores, looks on the scene with wonder and distaste, and resolves that his wife or his daughters, who probably are also turning away from it as if they questioned the decorum of the exhibition, shall never be seen in such a situation. He and they get accustomed to it, however, and the

next, or perhaps before the expiration of this very season, the fairest form that issues from the wave in a saturated blue frieze garment is that of his own wife or daughter.

"Few Englishmen bathe here. They prefer another and certainly a better bathing-place, *Os Carreiros*, which *they* call The Huts, about half a mile away, where we landed. In this they are right; but the English here, as all the world over, are too exclusively English in their tastes. They even have, at this little watering-place, a separate and most inconvenient promenade below the light-house, a rough uneven causeway, approached by a rougher road, which might be smoothed at small cost."—Such a promenade! our very horses were inclined to be restive when we turned their heads in that direction; and then, when they had ploughed and plunged through the deep loose sand in which great stones were dangerously concealed, what pleasure did they evince on coming out upon the firm turf which covers the rising ground above the Huts! The English "get much of the sea-air here, it is true; but the Upper Cantereira, where, especially on Sunday evenings, the natives grave and gay, assemble by

hundreds, is not only a more social, but a level public walk; whereas the English *praia* as it is called, might seem to have been selected for them by their Portuguese shoemakers. But let us return to the Portuguese bathing-scene. Carriages of various shapes—the lumbering family coach drawn by oxen, the trim little gaudy post-chaise, that looks to have been 'built in the year one,' drawn by mules, rarely by horses, gay and painted litters, which are sedan-chairs with mules instead of men for bearers, and all alive with jingling bells, convey the wealthier bathers; and are to be seen soon after daylight, crowded together on the bank, with servants and muleteers, and numerous donkeys, that have also brought their morning votaries to Neptune. Sunday is the favourite day. The sands and the rocks are peopled with groups of all classes; and there is not a group among them which a northern painter would not seize with avidity as a subject for his art: so various and striking are the features, and attitudes, and costumes, and so different from anything we are accustomed to in the north. This scene continues from dawn till about mid-day. From that time till two o'clock, that is, in the interval between the last mass and the usual dining hour

of the richer class of visitors; this same place is a sort of fashionable lounge, where well-dressed ladies sit in rows on wooden benches, and men stand round them, or cluster on the rocks: and so they stare at each other for two mortal hours, saying little, but looking pins and needles at each other's hearts, from under parti-coloured parasols, and brown or scarlet umbrellas. Many a subtle flirtation is carried on there, unsuspected by or connived at by the guardian elders, fathers, mothers, aunts." The Portuguese, high and low, have great faith in the efficacy of a course of sea baths, and all seem to think there is a charm in exact numbers. The Fidalgo will on no account cease from his dippings till *his* number, whatever it may be, seventy or ninety, or more or less, is complete; and the poor man, who may be able to spare only *one* day from daily labour, will compress his number into the twenty-four hours, taking forty or fifty, or perhaps more dips in that space of time. There is a charm in days too, and the anniversary of St. Bartholomew is among the poorer classes the great day. This year it fell upon a Sunday, and the concourse of people was immense. The shore was literally covered with bathers, thick as they

could stand, for two or three miles. The process began before five o'clock A.M., and was on this day scarcely ended at sunset. The peasants come from great distances, are dressed in their holiday attire, and strange as various were the costumes that presented themselves to my English eye in our village, the Foz, this day. The massive gold chains and earrings of the women surprised me most; chain upon chain, the weight of which *must* have been oppressive to many a slender neck that I saw thus adorned. One figure of a group that passed through the village made even the Portuguese look round. A lady on a fine black mule, attended by a gentleman on a very handsome black horse, and followed by two running footmen; and indeed they had to run to keep up with the quick jog-trot of the animals. The Senhor was dressed as any English gentleman might be dressed for taking a ride on the Steyne at Brighton. But his Senhora! She was the wonder. Attired in a rich black silk, curiously fashioned, fitting tight to the figure, and showing off the well-rounded waist; on her head a large square cleaf white muslin kerchief richly embroidered round the edge, falling down the back and below the shoulders, rather standing

off from the shoulders, and upon this a round beaver hat, of a shining jet black. The crown of the hat was also round, with a little inclination to the sugar-loaf shape—the brim might be three inches wide. The white kerchief did not appear on the forehead, but came out from under the hat, just behind the ears, leaving an unobstructed view of a pair of magnificent gold ear-rings; the neck was encircled by massive gold chains, one of which depended as low as the waist.

Temporary wooden-houses, and booths covered with canvass, are erected on these occasions in the yards of the vendas or public-houses on the shore and in the streets; and there the peasants assemble to take their refreshment, which consists principally of bread and wine and fruit. Thousands are the water-melons that appear and disappear on this day; here, too, they dance and make merry. The guitar is the instrument most in use, but the fiddle and a sort of drum are also very common; and what indefatigable dancers are the Portuguese during their *festas!* Day and night are alike to them. Repairs were going on in some houses nigh to ours; the workmen, who began their hammering at five in the morning, and

whose hammers at eight P.M. were hardly silent, were not too tired to join in the fun. In fact, they began a dance among themselves soon as their work was ended, in the very rooms where they had been working, and they kept it up till past midnight.

But, perhaps, of all entertainments, fire-works most delight the boys and young men. On one festival eve, we heard rockets rapping off incessantly, all around us. That same night, a certain fashionable and wealthy tailor of Oporto was not content with illuminating his house brilliantly and sending his rockets up into the air, but he must send them down into the street too, to see, for the fun of the thing, the consternation they would cause among the passers by; and a rocket actually set fire to a lady's petticoat as she was walking home from the opera. Happily no serious injury was sustained; the alarm, and the destruction of the dress, proving the worst of it. It is quite unsafe to ride about the streets at these *festa* seasons. Mr. —— was on a spirited horse going leisurely up one of the narrowest streets of the city, about 3 P.M., the day very hot, and therefore he was holding up an

umbrella to ward off the sun, when, without the slightest warning, out rushes a little urchin from a gateway, and lets off a rocket right in the face of the horse, which of course bolted round, and it was little less than a miracle how our friend escaped being crushed against one side of the street or the other, the space that the horse had for turning being so confined.

Having dwelt so long upon the disagreeable effects of rockets, I must be excused for describing one scene in which they played no vulgar part. It was at night, the signal gun of our English steamer roused me from a deep sleep. I got up—opened the shutters. A full moon was shining brilliantly; the white breakers of the bar were as visible as they were audible; beyond the bar, southwards, the sea was as a plain of burnished, not gold, nor yet silver, but something between, which now glistened, now glittered as the waves rolled gently along. To the north all seemed wrapped in gloom; but in that direction my heart then lay. I again looked anxiously into the deep gloom, and a heave of some friendly wave brought into view a galaxy of bright stars floating upon the waters; it was as if a con-

stellation had come down from the heavens to rest upon these waters. These were lights from the steamer. I watched her long—now in sight, now out of sight—now one twinkling star, then again the whole constellation; and so it continued for, perhaps, half-an-hour, when from a point midway between the vessel and the shore, and where before I had not distinguished aught upon the water, rose up as by enchantment a pillar of fire, which, after ascending to an immense height, made a graceful curve, broke, and fell, not noiselessly, into the sea. This was a rocket from the pilot's boat, on its return to land; a signal that all was right, and that the steamer might pursue her way—which she instantly did, as I suppose, for not another star twinkled from the water's breast. The light of the moon was so strong as to enable me to espy the brave little pilot-boat, as she recrossed the white breakers of the bar, a black speck tossed to and fro like a broken plank. What a spot is this Foz for moon-risings and settings, and shinings, and for sunsets! Well may the Portuguese have a tradition that *Noah* came to Portugal purposely to see a sunset!—and well may Camoens write of sunsets as he does; but *I* will

spare you *my* descriptions of such splendours as are hardly to be described:

> "For they are of the sky,
> And from our earthly vision pass away."

But I must be allowed two or three pages to tell of one or two of the many pleasant rides that we took during our six months' residence at the Foz. One of the most invigorating, perhaps, was along the sands to Matozinhos, fording the river Leça, skirting the town of the same name, passing under the walls of the castle, and so, still keeping to the sea-shore, galloping on o'er rough and smooth for full three miles, when all at once you are arrested by the sight of two or three stone crosses poised high in air, which seem to rise from the top of a grand headland of rock that projects boldly into the sea. You ascend this rugged height, find to your surprise a plot of sloping greensward, and at one extremity of this plot the smallest of small chapels, picturesque in form, and bearing on its roof those crosses which had puzzled us to guess whence they sprung. The chapel is sheltered from the west by a towering portion of the rock on which it is founded, but is open to the north and south.

It is called "The Chapel of Our Lady of Glad Tidings,"—and glad tidings must the sight of those touching crosses carry to the heart of many a weary voyager by sea and land. Continuing your gallop for three or four miles further along the sea-shore, you come to the spot where Don Pedro landed, and where a pillar is erected to commemorate the fact. Returning, as we did, through the village of Mindelo, and there taking to the pine woods, makes a pleasing variety in this long ride, and the pine-wood rides are truly delicious. You canter away along smooth sandy pathways, or over firm turf, and every now and then some opening in the wood gives you a view of the blue sea, the blue made yet more blue by contrast with the dark green of the pines; and when a white sail, glittering in the sunshine, chances to appear as it were floating on the top of one of these dark table-pines, or is framed in between their rich red stems, the picture is magical. Another feature there is startlingly affecting; the sound of the church-bell coming to you at any moment, you know not whence; for when riding through the lonely woods, you cannot help fancying yourself far away from the haunts of man.

Another interesting ride was to St. Gens, a little chapel standing on a high hill that rises *solitary* from a vast plain, commanding sea or land far as the eye can reach in every direction; a most heart-moving house of prayer—for there it stands on the rocky eminence, lifting its crosses to the heavens, exposed to every wind that blows; with no other protection than that which two once fine, but now time-weakened stone-pines may occasionally afford. It was from under the walls of this chapel that Don Miguel so anxiously watched his numerous troops, as they opposed, in the plain below, the small force sent from the city by Don Pedro; and here Miguel saw his soldiers defeated, and when they began to run, he threw down his telescope, and decamped, and that day settled his fate.

To the city by the lower road, and back by Lordello—the village which suffered so severely in the siege, and which still bears the mark of many a cannon-ball—was a favourite ride of mine. The lower road is very beautiful, and a most entertaining thoroughfare of human life.

It runs parallel with the river, and close to it on the right bank; rows of trees on each side, graceful

stone fountains, shaded by trees—generally weeping willows—about these fountains are women and children filling their pitchers. At the tank below are the *lavandeiras* washing linen, rubbing and beating its *life* out on the hard stones, and singing merrily in concert as they pursue their humble calling. On the road men and boys are driving carts, drawn by two or more oxen, the heavy wooden wheels creaking most horribly as they slowly revolve with the lumbering axle-tree. "The long dry see-saw of an ass's bray" is melodious in comparison. Picturesque figures are for ever passing to and from the city: fish girls, fruit girls, (their pretty baskets always on their heads) tripping along with a gay, light step; and hearts as light, if we might judge from their bright looks and joyous voices, and the cheerful greetings they gave us as we met. Groups of fishermen are spreading out their nets to dry, or sitting on the ground before their cottage doors, in the full sunshine, mending them; little children darting in and out of these same doors like rabbits,—and often more like the rabbit's enemy than the rabbit,—racing across the road, without a rag of covering, to plunge headlong into the water from a considerable height, and

there to play for the hour like so many water-spaniels. They rejoice in this sport most when the tide is coming in great strength; and what roars of laughter burst from these little fellows when half-a-dozen of them get knocked down by a great wave, which carries them, in spite of their puny resistance, high up on the shore, and leaves them there, sprawling on the sand, till a second wave comes to make yet more sport. The river is as much alive as the road; large vessels and small, open boats, covered boats; the antique and most picturesque *barco* of the Douro, too. Fancy a Chinese shoe pointed at both ends, and you see something like one of these machines. Then the *scenery* on the river banks: one word on that subject, though the banks of the Douro have been so often described. The same objects may be seen in a thousand different lights, and as variously represented, yet each picture may be true and new; but I will only tell of what struck me most:—the hanging gardens with their rich flowers, and vine-clad arbours and terrace-walks covered with trellis of vine, and the Quinta with its overhanging roof and irregular outline, its verandahs and *mirante*, and the churches and chapels, and chapel-yards, with

their simple or elaborate stone crosses crowning the topmost heights; and here and there a single table-pine growing out of the bare rock, and resting its dark head against the blue sky, and the city of Oporto "on its bluff and craggy hills opposed by the heights of Villa Nova and the Serra Convent, with the many-coloured Douro flowing between." But the beggars—say you nothing of them? What can I say after the writer I have already quoted? But I can vouch for the accuracy of his report. They go on all through the day, "canting, whining, squalling, screaming at your door, or within your porch, or on your staircase. It is of little use to close your outer door, for they make no ceremony of knocking till it be opened, nor will they move from the place, or cease their cant till the surly voice of one of your servants stop them with, 'It cannot be now." *We* had another sort of beggar at our portal, a pet pig. Swine are pets, and cunningly knowing pets in Portugal; ours was a pretty, round, plump, short-backed, short-legged little fellow, who used to come grunting, first at the outer door; if not attended to there, he walked forward, and grunted for some time in the hall, and if no notice was then taken of him, he

would mount two or three of the steps, and there squeal and squeak until we went to him, and he would not quit the place until something was given to him. Piggy was an epicure: he evidently preferred the sweet melon to the water-melon; but the *seeds* of the water-melon were what he liked best of all the delicacies we hunted up for him, unless it were sweet chesnuts: apples, too, he was very fond of, and figs if they were ripe and good. He knew our voices perfectly, and whenever he heard Mr. —— talking in the streets, and at a considerable distance too, he would come running to him, and he was unwilling to leave him until his back had been gently rubbed with the foot or the walking-stick; he gave a sort of grunt of thanks, "while joyfully twinkled his tail," and then he contentedly withdrew. Pigs and parrots are to be seen at almost every cottage door in the Foz, and both are free of the house, to go in and out when they please. This is not quite correct as to the parrots, for I observed they were not unfrequently chained to the top of the half-door, or to some other place appropriated to them near the door or window. Perhaps these chained birds were not yet quite tame enough to be trusted with liberty,

or may be their mistresses might fear their being stolen. The Portuguese and Gallegos are a little given to petty larceny. Untold gold is perfectly safe left upon your table, but you must keep good watch over your sideboard and your store-room keys, and it is well, too, to have your wardrobe locked. The Galicians make most pleasant servants, so obliging and so courteous; and my small experience of the Portuguese maid-servants leads me to speak in like terms of them. In sickness nothing can surpass their tender and watchful care and attentions: of this I can speak from my own experience, and all the English with whom I talked on the subject, and many of whom had lived for years in Portugal, confirmed my impression, though too ready, as we English ever are, to find grievous faults with any person and thing out of our own country.

The Portuguese are certainly an industrious people. I have already spoken of the stone-masons who were employed next door to us, and the clink of whose hammers and chisels was to be heard from sun-rise till sun-down. The men rested at nine o'clock for one half-hour to take a second breakfast; then they set to again, and no cessation till half-past twelve.

At two they began again, and went on till after sunset; and this, day by day, till their work was ended. I was surprised to observe that the workmen courted rather than shunned the burning sun; for the blocks of granite which they were hewing into shape were all arranged on the sunny side of the street, when it would have been equally convenient to themselves and the passers-by to have had them placed in the shade. I must say a word or two of the industry of the women, and this is best done by stating exactly what came under my own observation. The occupation of the woman I am about to give as an example, was to drive away the little thieves of birds from a crop of Indian corn, in a field adjoining our garden, and extending up a steep slope towards the lighthouse. This woman got up with the birds (before four o'clock) and went to bed with the birds (about eight), and never left the birds all day, but ran to and fro across the sloping ground under a burning sun, or a blustering wind, or a pelting rain, never once resting her poor legs, so far as I could discover, and I chanced at the time to be confined by illness to a room that overlooked this field. She was busy the while too with hand and voice; one loud shrill note was for

ever repeated, to an instrumental accompaniment not more harmonious—a sort of watchman's rattle. Another instance I may quote, of a tall handsome young girl who came daily to the house where we were staying. She acted as the *aguadeira*, the water-carrier, bringing from the fountain all the spring-water that was required for the day; helping in the garden, weeding or watering, and willing and ready at any moment to be sent up to the city, three miles off, on any sort of errand. Thither she went regularly every other morning; let the weather be what it might, she was off before four o'clock, and home again by eight or nine, bringing on her head, in a large basket, everything used or consumed in the house, except the coals. On her return she would sit down for a quarter of an hour whilst she ate her breakfast, then away to the fountain, and if nothing more were required from her, she hastened to her mother's humble cottage; and call there at any hour, when she was not out in some other person's service, you were sure to find her busy with her spindle and distaff, or with her knitting.

The Portuguese knit beautifully, and so very rapidly; and we English might take a lesson from

them. They hold their thread so as to make only two movements with the hand, instead of three, as is our mode. The Germans have only two, I believe; but here the manner of holding the thread is different from the German; the needles differ too; those of the Portuguese are much bent, and have a little hook at the end to catch the thread and draw it through. The Portuguese are very neat needle-women also; but this is a digression.

I must return to our industrious "Camilla," for that was her name. She thought nothing of going even twice up to the city in a morning, and strange burthens did she sometimes bear on her head, at least what seemed strange to us fresh from England; one of these was the *half* of a large heavy window. The windows in many of the Portuguese houses are real plagues, being constructed in that primitive fashion, which, in default of pullies, requires a prop for the under-sash when it is lifted up for the admission of air. One stormy day, an awful crash was heard: we hastened to the quarter whence the sound came, and found that the prop of a window had given way, and the sash had come down with such violence that four of the large panes of glass were forced out

and had fallen in shivers into the street. "Send for Camilla to go up to the city," and, as I supposed, to fetch the glazier; but no; the window was to go to the glazier, and not the glazier to come to the window; and sure enough the clumsy frame was taken out, put upon Camilla's head, and away she walked with it to Oporto, got it mended, and brought it back. This woman is but one instance, you may say, but every gentleman's house in the Foz would tell you of its *aguadeira* and *carreteira* as industrious as ours. The wages are very low. That woman who laboured from morning till night in the field, would not receive more than 3*d.* (English) per day. The wages of the men (out-door labour) about 5*d.* Mechanics, such as stone-masons, carpenters, &c., about 10*d.* Then it must be remembered, that *bróa*, the yellow gritty bread made of Indian corn and rye, is very cheap; so are fruits and vegetables and wine. Here, too, by the sea, the people have seasonable supplies of fresh fish at moderate cost, besides their salted sardinhas. A vast quantity of *bacalhão*, or salted cod-fish from Newfoundland, very cheap food, is consumed also by the mariners and labouring classes, and served out as rations to the soldiery. At Oporto the average

price of the best meat was 4*d.* per lb., when we were there. Up in the country, the best pieces of beef may be had for 2*d.* or 3*d.* Eggs and poultry are plentiful, and consequently are low-priced, which is well, as *calda de gallinha,* (chicken-broth) is the sovereign remedy "for every ill the spittals know," Newly-hatched chickens you see running about the cottage-doors every week in the year. Mutton is held by the Portuguese and Galicians in little esteem: some of the too well-fed Gallegos in English houses go so far as to say it is not fit food for Christians; and, however good the dinner that may be set before them, unless they have their proper portion of boiled beef (but not boiled quite to rags like the French *bouilli*), they are much dissatisfied; and yet these very men, were they to return to their own homes, would dine contentedly on a piece of salt fish, dry and hard and tough as leather, or on a few sardinhas, cured pilchards. On their days of abstinence they live much on vegetable soup: the pumpkin and the vegetable marrow make a capital *soupe maigre* for the poorest. You see acres of land covered with these plants. In the autumn, and late into the winter, how often did I

stop to admire the green and golden tints of this magnificent fruit-vegetable, as it was ranged round the low walls of their *eiras*, or on the roofs of the cottages. Interesting objects, likewise, are those *eiras* where the threshed corn is laid out in the open air to dry, and where the women turn over the grain with the bare feet.

To the Portuguese, the cabbage is as important an article of food as to the Scotch and Germans; every hovel has its cabbage-garden—but such cabbages! I have seen them again and again, "broad and stately," and ten feet high at least. Potatoes are, I understood, but little used by the native poor.

The wages of the poor, then, are small, it is true; but happily their wants too are small; and so far as I could gather, there is no such thing as absolute *starving* poverty, as in England. One grand advantage that the poor of Portugal have over ours is their glorious climate. They require little fuel and little clothing; the latter is principally of coarse woollen cloth, and this they spin themselves, as they do any linen they may require. The women who carry on their heads poultry, fruit, &c., to the market, spin as they go; and they sit, too, like the men, at their

doors in the full sunshine, spinning, or knitting, or sewing, while their young ones, half naked, are playing about them, and rolling in the sand like little pigs. By the way, though our "pet pig of the Muses" was a very pretty pig—a quaint Chinese,—the porkers of this neighbourhood are generally hideously ugly—immense creatures with great long ears, long backs, rising in the centre like an arch, hollow flanks, and covered with a long, softish sort of black hair, but so little of it as to show distinctly the black skin beneath; and yet the cottagers make pets of these creatures, and they answer to names, and come at call like dogs, and are quite as fond of being talked to and caressed. Almost every house has its dog too, and a plaguy nuisance these curs are. At the Foz, and in the suburbs of Oporto, they come barking at your horse's heels, out of one door after another, till you get a whole pack upon you before you reach the end of the street; and if they leave you there, you will find another pack awaiting you in the next street, you may be sure. A year or two ago, the magistrates, in order to abate this nuisance, offered so much for the head of every vagrant dog that might be found without its responsible owner

in the street. Heads of dogs in plenty were produced for the reward at the police-office; and the dog-decapitation trade prospered for some days, till it was discovered that not a head nor a hair had suffered of any of the mongrels against which the canine edict was issued; but every gentleman's dog that could be seized, and all the ladies' lapdogs that could be caught, had been the victims. Of cats, also, there are enough; but it is difficult to recognise the relationship between our long-tailed pert-eared tabbies of England, and these earless, tailless cats of Oporto. It is the fashion to cut off their ears and tails; they are the better mousers for such clipping, it is supposed. When I once remonstrated against such a barbarous practice, I was answered by a query which was unanswerable: "Is it more barbarous than your English fashion of docking your horses' tails, and your dogs' tails and ears too?"

It might be edifying to some of the London world, who dine at night and rise at mid-day, to hear a history of a day at the Foz—this fashionable watering-place of the north of Portugal. They will be startled at the outset; for they must hear of servants knocking at the sleeping-room door soon after 5 A.M., and

of merry voices heard under the window even before that hour—merry voices from the bathers and their attendants passing to and from the sea. The place is alive with "fashionables" soon after sunrise, and thus continues till nine o'clock, the usual breakfast-hour. When they retire, the vendors of fish, poultry, game, fruits, flowers, oil, charcoal, candles, shoes, shawls, sweetmeats, chocolate, and a long *et cætera*, keep up the bustle till three o'clock, the common dinner-hour. After that, the *sesta*,—and then the streets would be tolerably quiet, but for the noisy beggars. Before five o'clock the village is again astir, with ladies on foot or on donkey-back, gentlemen on foot or on horseback, children and their nursery-maids, and nursery-*men*, infants under three years old, three or four on one donkey, followed by two or three running footboys and old nurses—all bound for the *praia*, the sea-shore, and the rocks; there to loiter about, to flirt, and amuse themselves as might suit the age and fancy of each. The sun has long set before these crowds of people return to their homes. The Portuguese have, certainly, no dread of remaining out after sunset, or of exposing themselves to the night air in their balconies; at

these they sit and talk with their friends about them, or with such as may chance to pass, till nearly midnight. Some of them are, I fear, gentlemen returning from an adjacent club-house, *alias* gambling-house.

It was between the hours of 4 and 5 P.M., that we set out on those delightful rides to which I have alluded. On our first arrival in Portugal, we rode before breakfast; but that we soon gave up, for we found the sun too powerful even by eight o'clock. The ride under such a sun made idlers of us for the day; so we contented ourselves with doing as our neighbours did, keeping to the sea-side and near home. Dinner parties, dances, tea-drinks among the rocks, riding parties, and pic-nics, were taking place every day; and pleasant parties all these were—for the hours were early, and there was no trouble of preparation, except for the cooks, as even the dances were attended in undress; but the riding parties and the pic-nics were the most charming; and oh the comical scenes and the comical adventures! What food for Punch! Even H. B. might have taken many a hint.

I will now give an account of the most extensive of our rides from the Foz, a tour of the province

entre Douro e Minho. This fertile province, the smallest, except Algarve, and the most populous, and perhaps the most interesting, in all Portugal, extends to the length only of eighteen leagues from north to south, and is twelve leagues in its extremest breadth from east to west at the utmost.* It is bounded on the north by the river Minho, which separates it from Galicia; on the west, by the Atlantic Ocean; on the south, by the Douro, that divides it from the province of Beira; and on the east, partly by Galicia, and partly by Tras os Montes. It abounds with streams, which, with a good soil and fair climate, account for its great fertility, and the luxuriant growth of its trees.

It is, or was, distributed into five *comarcas,* or hundreds—Oporto, Barcellos, Viana, Valenca, and Guimaraens; to which a sixth may be added, by counting Braga and its ecclesiastical district as another. It comprised 1500 parish churches, an archbishopric at Braga, (which stands in the very centre of this charming district,) a bishopric at Oporto, and it did comprise, till recently, 5 collegiate churches, nearly 130

* A Portuguese common league is three English miles and four-fifths.

convents of nuns and friars, whose number exceeded 3000. It has, or had, 500 chapels and shrines (*ermidas e santuarios*), and several hospitals and charitable institutions.

Its principal rivers, besides the Douro and Minho, from which it takes its name, are the Rio d'Ave, the Cavado, and the Lima. There are many minor rivers and streams, some of which will be noticed as they occur on our route.

But I will here say a few more words on the Douro, before we turn our backs on it for a while to make acquaintance with its northern cousin, the Minho.—The Douro (Spanish, Duero), called by the Greeks Δόγιος, by the Latins Durius, has its source in the mountains of Urbion (anciently Pelendones), in Old Castile, and passing by Soria—as probably as any other the site of Numantia—it runs westward by Osma, Aranda, and Roa, receiving the rivers Pisuerga, Eresma, and others. It traverses Leon, dividing it into two parts, and, after flowing through or by the towns of Simancas, Tordesillas, Toro, and Zamora, serves as a boundary between Leon and Portugal for several leagues, bathing the walls of Miranda, and receiving the

waters of the Tormes, the Mansuecos, the Huebra, &c. Presently, at the confluence of the Agueda, it enters Portugal, separates the provinces of Beira and Tras os Montes, receiving from the latter the rivers Sabor, Tua, Corgo, and others, and also several little tributaries from Beira, which province it also divides from that of Entre Douro e Minho, whose fine river Tamega soon adds to its flood, so that it rolls with an impetuous current, over a rocky channel and between rocky banks, with many sinuosities and with frequent *rapids*, till, before it meets the tide, it checks its haste, glides placidly (unless after a flood, here called a *fresh*) between Oporto and Villa Nova, and their suburbs Massarellos and Gaya, and, at our bathing-place of San João da Foz, pushes over the bar into the ocean.

A *fresh* is sometimes occasioned by an unusual duration of the season of very heavy rains, and sometimes by the excess of suddenly melted snows, or by both causes combined, in the Spanish mountains, &c. Such an accident is not frequent, not even annual; but when it does come, it is a most inconvenient encroachment, swelling the river to such a degree, that the cellars and ground-floors of the

lower parts of Oporto and Villa Nova are inundated and the power of the flood is then so great, that the old bridge of boats (now superseded by a suspension iron bridge) was sure to be carried away, if the warning given by the weather and the altered state of the water was not attended to for its timely removal. I have heard an odd adventure of an English gentleman, who, on the way to his wine-lodge, was crossing that pontoon-bridge, when it gave way, and he found himself all at once embarked on a seaward voyage, on one of the boats that had broken loose. Clear, however, of the perils of hawsers and cables, and shipping at anchor, and of all obstructions and intricacies of the river navigation, the truant bark piloted itself rarely, till, just as the astonished man had lost all hope of escaping the roaring bar, the boat whirled off and grounded, with a shock that made him describe a summerset, and he found himself almost buried, but high and dry, in the soft sands of the Cabedello. Generally, mischief was prevented by detaching the boats, when a *fresh* was expected, and mooring them safely till the peril was over. He who saw the Douro at such a time only, or even after a succession of moderate

rains, would call it a coarse and muddy river; but he would be much mistaken—for it is, during the greater proportion of the year, as clear as can be wished; and the sunsets on it are often delightful, adorning its surface with a fine variety of colours—here as if with polished silver, there with a rich saffron colour; here violet or amethystine, there jasper, —as if all the gems had been fused and interfused by that powerful sun into every exquisite harmony of hue and light and shade. This river, though narrower than the Tagus, and 70 or 80 miles shorter, runs in a deeper channel, and having, perhaps, more copious tributaries, carries much more water to the sea, whence the proverb quoted by Barros,—

"O Douro leva as aguas, o Tejo as nomeadas."
The Douro has the waters, the Tagus has the fame.

In Claudian's time the margins of the Douro abounded with flowers. So they do still.

Callicia risit
Floribus; et roseis formosus Duria ripis.

And, as the old Galicia here mentioned comprised also the Minho country, the praise stands good for the land which we are now going to explore.

On the twenty-fourth of May we set out at seven

A.M., too late an hour. Our party consisted of two ladies, two gentlemen, a Galician servant, and a muleteer. Our horses were all hired. J—— was mounted on a well-bred black horse that was rather fond of kicking; my steed was quite as good as hers, and much more amiable. Both these animals were in a fair condition. Mr. —— rode a high-bred and handsome but old and spavined white horse, and Mr. H. was perched on a tall brown Rosinante, whose hipbones protruded awfully. One baggage-mule (and a baggage she turned out to be), carried all our travelling-gear, including not only carpet-bags, but hammock nets, &c., &c. Yet she had but a moderate load, for our "marching orders" were, "leave all your band-boxes at home, and take nothing that you can do without." Our trusty Galician went cheerfully on foot, and the muleteer was also to walk. This was no splendid turn-out, but "economy is the life of the army," said Mr. ——, who was our commanding officer. For a while we got on pretty well over rough and smooth, but the rough predominates in Portuguese travelling; and though there are now several good roads about Oporto, this way to Villa do Conde was not one of them. It was detestable,

almost from the starting point. In one part,—where, as often occurs, a jumble of stones forms a causeway, two feet wide, as a bridge for one side of the road, while the rest is a swamp or a bog,—J. valiantly took the causeway, but when she had got about half-way over "the bad place," the stones seeming more and more wide apart from each other, she took fright at her own courage, gave her horse a sudden jerk, and brought him down into the swamp: he began kicking, which made his fore-legs sink deeper and deeper into the mire. Miss cried out; "Oh dear!" and seemed determined to cry and fall off; but the servant rescued her, and brought her horse out in safety from this perilous Slough of Despond. We proceeded along narrow roads, where were plenty of great stones, and plenty of holes, now dusty now miry, between stone-walls, within which were rows of pollard oaks vine-wreathed, through pine woods;—gloomy woods they are, and few birds love them; but we heard the cuckoo in one of them. We passed many picturesque clumps of cork-trees, many olive groves not picturesque, many pleasant varieties of verdure, and abundance of wild flowers.

Villa do Conde stands on a flat near the mouth of

the river Ave. Some writers affirm that it is of very ancient foundation, and that its name was Villa Comitis. Others say that it was founded by Sancho the First in the year 1200. The huge Nunnery of Santa Clara is a fine building, and a still more striking object is the superb aqueduct that conveyed fair water from far-off well-springs to the noble lady-nuns, whose fingers were famed for expertness in the art of making sweet pastry. Beautiful view of this Nunnery and aqueduct from a street where an old church of *Arabesque Gothic* comes in as part of the picture, with gay green trees about the church, and blue hills far behind the town.

I forgot, and it is hardly worth while to recollect, that at Povoa, a fishing village, and in the season an inferior sea-bathing place, less than an hour's easy ride from Oporto, if the road had been a road, our muleteer had the modesty to inform us, with an authoritative air, that there we were to halt till next day, at a wretched venda or winehouse! A comical altercation ensued between the man and Mr. ——. J.'s horse took the man's part, and plunged violently, as if he too had made up his mind to proceed no further. Mr. ——, who soon perceived that he had

no chance in argument with the muleman, who had found the wine good here, and was fiercely eloquent, quietly ordered Grenho, our Galician, to go on with the mule. But the mule would not budge. The affair was getting unpleasantly ridiculous, for a crowd was gathering about us. A priest luckily came up, and with all the urbanity becoming his calling, settled the matter in two minutes. What he said to the muleteer I hardly know, but the few words he addressed to the wine-possessed man appeared to exorcise him. Mr. —— changed horses with J., and we arrived in due time at Villa do Conde; and, after waiting there for a reasonable time we resumed our journey. The baggage-mule at one ugly place was inclined to have a roll in a mud-pond, which would have been delectable for our changes of linen; but the muleteer remonstrated with her, and continued for a mile or two to lecture her severely, and the mule had nothing to say for herself. We passed twice under the aqueduct. We had a long and very hot and very fatiguing ride to Barcellos, over a hilly country; and what a silent country it is! There are cultivated valleys surrounded by gloomy hills of pines; but you meet

hardly a human being. Old cork-trees are scattered here and there, single or in clumps; old, I say, for every cork-tree that I see looks, like Wordsworth's thorn, "as if it never had been young;" and this tree has not yet shed half of its brown wintry foliage, which, though the spring is nearly over, seems unwilling to yield place to the new leaves,—small glossy leaves, sloe-leaf like. Shabby olive-trees abound; they are like the willow we call sally. Oak pollards you perceive in every direction, and on every one of them a bright green vine twining and flaunting. The magnificent hill boundary is in parts nakedly rocky, but most of it, as I have said, is covered with the eternal stone-pines, which, in the nearer masses, look in their distinct blackness more like thunder-clouds than green trees, but far away they are dimly hazily blue, till the outline melts into the bluer sky. Part of this ride, as we approached Barcellos, was almost as good as a ride in any of the rougher parts of Westmoreland, and perhaps would have been quite so but for the want of lakes and "trotting burns." At Barcellos, however, the river is beautiful; and so are the views, up and down, from the old stone-bridge that rests on its five or six

arches over the Cávado; and what a fine old town Barcellos is! The inn detestable, but that is nothing; it is like almost all the rest in the country.

Next day we breakfasted at eight, on chocolate with milk, fresh eggs, bread and honey. The gentlemen then sought Senhor G——, to whom we had a letter. They found him at one of the old churches, in command of the military guard that was to attend a procession. He very obligingly promised to shew us the lions when his church-militant duty was over. Our friends then called on a Fidalgo, to whom we had a letter from a prebendary of Braga. Our Fidalgo, a fine-looking man of middle age, received them with much politeness, told them his house was at their service, regretted that his wife, who spoke English, and his mother, were both ill, and that the other ladies of his family were not dressed; assured them that we were at the very worst inn in the place, showed them his dining-room, and did *not* ask them to dinner. Here, appearances were against the hospitality of the Fidalgo; yet nothing could be farther from the truth than that he was inhospitable, as we soon found. He also showed them something much better than his dining-

room (though that was very good, as was his house altogether)—an ornamental garden; some of the beds nothing but box in fantastical knots, stiff, but very pretty; beds of flowers disposed with indescribable ingenuity; topiary fancies numberless, and all graceful. From a covered balcony, at the back of his house, as well as from his garden, were striking views over the Cavado, of the rich country to the south; on the right the famed Franqueira summit; three leagues away to the left, Nossb Senhor do Monte, the holy hill near Braga. After paying a visit to the best inn, at Barcelhinos on the other side the river, near the bridge, to assure themselves that there *was* such a house, and to whet their appetite for anger against the ill-conditioned muleteer who had quartered us at the worst, when it was too late to look out for ourselves, our gentlemen returned to us, and found us at a balcony, looking at *the* procession, and all the bustle of a fair; for this was a great gala-day at Barcellos. The clatter of voices in the square, from the motley, happy throng that filled it, was to us Babel outbabbled, though but one tongue was spoken. Such a contrast to the stillness of the pine-woods yesterday! St. George,

the hero of the day, a wooden figure in painted armour of bronze colour, was unwilling to carry his lance, and the horse was unwilling to carry St. George. His attendants were half-an-hour settling this matter; but at last the lance was steadied in St. George's hand, but St. George rode very unsteadily on the shy led horse, who seemed to doubt whether he had got the saint or the dragon on his back. Marshalled by this mock Master of the Horse, came a gigantic and coarsely-painted figure of Christ, dressed in canonicals, and borne on a sort of trestle on men's shoulders. He was crowned with a most gorgeous wreath of *thornless* roses: there was something touching in *that* fancy, amidst all the worse than bad taste of the exhibition.

When it was over, Senhor G——, true to his engagement, came to us, and with him the Fidalgo, already mentioned, came to pay his respects to the ladies, and to invite us, on the part of his wife, and mother, and daughters, to a little ball, which they had suddenly determined on getting up for us in honour of our letter of recommendation. This was a proffered civility much more marked than an invitation to dinner would have been, and if we had accepted it, would have put

the truly hospitable inviters to much more trouble and expense. We declined it, because we felt that we had no spare strength to waste on dancing, but must husband what we had for the hard work before us. I have since thought that it was a stupid spiritless thing to refuse the ball. Our gentlemen thought it very stupid indeed, and accused us of jealousy of the black eyes of the female *fidalguia* of Barcellos. No doubt we should have met as much of the "best company" of the place as could have been collected on a brief summons, and we should have added something to our small stock of knowledge of Portuguese provincial society *at home*. But, besides the reason I have given, I must own that I was shy. My want of skill in the spoken language made me sure that I should *bore* and disappoint the kindness of our inviters. Some misgivings about the toilet, too, might have flitted before me, when I begged to be excused. Carpet-bags are sorry wardrobes for ladies, and we had no other. The Fidalgo was so evidently disappointed at our declining the kind bidding, that we took pains to assure him of our sense of his courtesy, and we parted, I hope, good friends. Towards evening, Senhor G—— accompanied us on a ride

to the Franqueira Convent (that was) and the church above it, on the top of a steep height which commands a great prospect of hills, plains, and sea; the mountain Gerêz in the distance, and Nosso Senhor do Monte, near Braga, distinctly visible. We saw also, what we supposed to be, and was, the M—— steamer on its way to England. Our friend B—— was on board, and our letters for home; and so, while standing on that height, our thoughts steered homeward too, at more than steam-ship pace.

In Senhor G——, our guide to the Franqueira, we found not only a most obliging but a highly intelligent companion. He had been an exile in Don Miguel's time, and had resided three years at Exeter. He still spoke English well. On our return to the inn, the gentlemen insisted on his helping us all out with a bottle of his own present of champagne; for he had sent us some half-dozen bottles in the morning, and also two bottles of Scotch ale, which one of our two cavaliers stowed away for future service as "a juice, far more precious in this latitude than champagne, or even than tokay. Put that down in your journal," said Mr. ——. "What?" "The two bottles of ale, and the good fellow who sent them to

us." So here they are duly recorded. Before Senhor G—— had left us, a person from Ponte de Lima was shown up to us; he had been sent by Senhor M—— and his family, who had been expecting us for the last two or three days, and somehow or other had been informed of our arrival at Barcellos. By the advice of Senhor G—— we had resolved to go to Viana first, and thence up the river to Ponte de Lima. But this messenger represented that it would be a great disappointment to Senhor M—— if we did not go direct to his house. We therefore changed our plan.

I do not pretend to meddle with the history and antiquities of Barcellos; Father Poyares's "panegyric" on this old place may serve as a beginning for the curious reader. For the annual miraculous appearance here of crosses in the air, see Bluteau.

MAY 26TH.

We were not ready for a start till after eight this morning. When the luggage was adjusted on the mule, J——, who had been the first to mount, was moving out of the way, at which the mule became uneasy, thinking, said the surly muleteer, that her favourite white horse was going to leave her; so

there was a kick or two, and a successful struggle to break the halter by which she was tethered to the wall; another wicked kick or two dislodged the luggage, and down came the stupid mule, bruising one of her knees, and her side; and our things lay all littered about the ground. Mr. —— was alarmed for the champagne-flasks, and yet more for the two bottles of Edinburgh ale; but he had had them packed so cunningly in a covered basket, that they were all safe. After some coaxing, and reproaches, and expostulation, the mule suffered herself to be re-loaded; but still the cargo was not nicely balanced, and she winced, and went awry, and gave symptoms of meditated mutiny. The muleteer, who looked frightened, now assured us that she wanted a man on her back, to make the baggage ride more steadily, and he desired our man Grenho to mount. On the first day's march, from Oporto to Barcellos, he and the muleteer had trudged about thirty-five miles, and we were sorry that we had not been more liberal in this part of our arrangements, and taken another mule that they might ride and tie, though it is the common custom of the country for the attendants to go on foot on such journeys. Grenho would, on that

first day, gladly have mounted, but the muleteer would not let him; but now that the mule had betrayed her vicious character, he declined the honour of riding. In a little while, however, the animal seeming quieter, he was emboldened, and contrived to get on her, after several failures. The mule's feelings being thus composed by the additional weight of twelve or thirteen stone, we proceeded without further accident through a highly interesting country. The mixture of cultivation and wildness, the farmed valleys, and the rough *serras*,* the varieties of verdure and of flowers, the gloom of pine trees that clan like rooks in thousands, and the various shades, and sometimes lights, of green, of the other cone-bearing families; and the cypresses, cedars, and cork trees; the classical and fruitful, but at present only flowerful, insignificant-looking olive trees; the churches and oratories, with their stone-crosses, on every high pinnacle, as well as on hill-sides and in the valleys; and lastly, the beauteous and rich vale of the Lima, with mountain-background whichever way you looked; the graceful river Lima

* *Serra*, Portuguese; *Sierra*, Spanish. A mountain with ridges; jagged like a saw.

itself, with its old long bridge; the picturesque small town, the *quintas,* the decayed mansions of Fidalgos, the very ancient buildings and remains of buildings in and near the town, all combined to give memorable effect to our journey this day. Our host, Senhor M——, met us at about half-a-league from Ponte. We rode under a long and capital *ramada* through his estate, which was in high and clean cultivation, along the pleasant banks of the Lima, to his house in the town, the best in the place. He received not only ourselves, but the servants and quadrupeds, in spite of our entreaties that they should be sent to the inn. His wife and children also gave us an evidently cordial welcome. We dined shortly after our arrival, which was about 2 P.M. The party consisted of sixteen persons, including our host and hostess, their son, a youth of fifteen, and daughter, about fourteen, a Senhor C—— and his sister, and other Portuguese. Our host had been in England, and the bill of fare will show that he gave us, in fact, something very like a good plain English dinner. Two soups, bread-soup and macaroni; two dishes of trout, boiled beef and bacon, and a ham; roasted chickens, a roasted turkey, &c.; the boiled things first, then the roast,

then sweetmeats and pastry, then cheese, and fruit; white and red wines, and French liqueur, pretty much in the order in which such things are served at an English table. After dinner we walked with our host and Senhor C—— to a handsome but neglected-looking *quinta,* formerly the residence of the Conde de Freire one of the ministers of John VI. We passed the house of the brotherhood of San Luiz, to which Fra Francisco de San Luiz belonged, the *Bispo Conde,* who was more than once president of the chamber of peers. He was Bishop of Coimbra, the author of some statistical works on Portugal, and other esteemed writings, and was considered one of the most learned men of his time. We also saw in the town a house of the Silveiras, and an old mansion of the same family, on a hill at a distance. The name will recal a nobleman who made a noise in this country a few years ago, the Marquis of Chaves; a madman he was, say the new chartermongers; a *varão*—a man—he was, like the Silveiras of old times, say those to whom old-fashioned bigotries are dearer than newfangled inconsistencies.

I had not time to learn anything worth relating about certain venerable edifices of Ponte de Lima;

aristocratic houses—every one of which must have a history—square towers, old palace, Moorish *mosque*, still entire, and now a chapel; and I had nothing like an authentic book, old or new, at hand to give me some glimmering of insight into their mysteries.

On the banks of the Lima the poet Diogo Bernardes was born, one of the too numerous, but one of the best, pastoral poets of Portugal. His compositions are not free from a sameness and a tameness that characterise the peninsular literature in this vein. His numbers flow very sweetly; but I am not sure that either in his eclogues or in his love-lyrics there is much more of real tenderness perceptible than can be found in other Arcadian effusions. His true love of his native place, however, is unquestionable. It is shown perpetually in his writings, one volume of which he called "The Lima," the other, "Flowers of the Lima." When one hears him apostrophise a shepherdess on the margin of this river,

"O, Nisè, Nisè, Lima, Lima, Lima,"

one cannot but suspect that the heroine of his raptures is as ideal a personage as the Nymph of the stream, and that the poetic stream itself is the sole source of

his inspiration. Whatever the quality of that inspiration may be, however, Lope de Vega has declared that he was taught to compose pastoral verse by the eclogues of Bernardes. One might suppose the "Sweet songster of the Lima," as he has been styled, to have passed a dreamy existence on its borders. Yet he was a man of the world, and lived in the world; he was not only a poet, but a courtier, who knew how to rise at court. He was cotemporary with Camoens, and has been accused, but I believe unjustly, of having plagiarised some of his minor writings. Certain, however, it is, that, both as a poet and a courtier, he gained personal distinctions which Camoens never gained: among them the peculiar favour of his young sovereign, Sebastian, who assigned to him the honour—unenviable as it turned out—of accompanying him on his expedition to Africa, as the poet of victories there to be achieved. Camoens had almost solicited this honour at the conclusion of his noble epic. Bernardes, before the expedition sailed, wrote a sonnet, anticipatory of the triumphs that he was to witness. Both poets proved false prophets: Camoens staid at home to die broken-hearted, thanking God that he "died with his coun-

try;" Bernardes was taken prisoner on the field where Sebastian fell, and his Carmen Triumphale ended in a dirge. After severe sufferings—the sufferings of a Christian slave in Barbary—he was ransomed, and returned to Lisbon, where he died in 1596, having survived his king about eighteen years, and outlived Camoens but a few months less.

MAY 27TH.

We did not breakfast till eleven o'clock; for some of our party consoled themselves for the fatigues of travel by sleeping till nearly that hour, not aware that all the family, though early risers, were politely fasting till their guests appeared, and would not suffer them to be disturbed. No Scotch breakfast was ever better than ours to-day. Coffee, tea, *beef-steaks,* quince marmalade, and other sweetmeats, with bread as white as milk. The table was tastefully decorated with flowers. We passed our morning, or rather, afternoon, in sketching, lounging, sauntering, and the *dolce far niente,* which was really *dolce* to the wearied limbs of J—— and myself, who were new campaigners. We dined about five, and in the evening the drawing-room was

filled with visitors, invited by our hostess. The beauty of the ladies was not so remarkable as their affability and lively good-humour. There was not a pretty girl among them; but every one of them had good teeth, dark eyes, and jet-black hair. They were all dressed nearly alike; plainly, in black. Some of the young men were better-looking; but they were more reserved, had more starch in their manner, than their sisters. Two or three of the young ladies played difficult pieces of Italian music, from recent and fashionable operas, admirably on the piano. One of the young gentlemen, after much solicitation by the lady of the house, overcame his bashfulness, and sang, with good voice and good taste, several very pretty though melancholy and rather monotonous *modinhas*. But the star of the night was Senhor Jeronymo ——, a professor of music, who had been a pupil of a celebrated pianist, Senhor *Bom Tempo*, Good Time—no bad name for a musician. Senhor Jeronymo performed on the pianoforte with exquisite delicacy; but one of the ladies present, a maiden lady of about forty, continued exclaiming every minute, "Bravo, Senhor Jeronymo, ah!—bravo, Senhor Jeronymo." The effect was most

ludicrous; for no other person uttered a syllable, and the short way in which she snapped out so repeatedly, "Bravo, Senhor Jeronymo!" cut the music, as it were, into bars in the wrong places. The effort of the silent auditory to keep grave faces was painfully comical. Senhor Jeronymo also sang an Italian aria, and was, as before, interrupted in his most critical quavers by the enthusiastic lady. "Bravo, Senhor Jeronymo! *Ai, que gracinha!*"—(ah, what darling grace!) But we had some plain talk, as well as vocal and instrumental harmony. Admiral Napier (Don Pedro's admiral—the Nelson of his cause) lodged himself in this house in the course of his gallant vagaries as an amphibious warrior in the north of Portugal, after his exploit at Cape St. Vincent. Senhor C—— gave a curious account of his bluntness of deportment to the astonished natives. Senhor C—— called on him here. "What do you want?" inquired the admiral. He was lounging on the sofa in the drawing-room, smoking a cigar; he was dressed in clothes once blue, now of no colour; and was altogether the most slovenly-looking of heroes.—"I called to pay my respects."—"Will you write?"—"Whatever your Excellency pleases."

The admiral throws his cigar out of window, takes a pinch of snuff, and reflects. "Write then to the Juiz de Fora, he must feed all my men directly. Is that done?"—"Yes."—"Send it off then."—A pinch of snuff. "Write to such an authority of such and such a parish or village; he must furnish three bullocks, &c. &c.;" and so he went on, taking pinches of snuff, and issuing his requisitions. The abbot and principals of a neighbouring monastery waited on him in form. They were introduced, and ranged themselves in semicircle, making their bows. The admiral on his sofa seemed in a "brown study," till reminded by some gentlemen that these visitors were persons of distinction. "What do they want?"—"They come to offer their compliments to your Excellency."—He got up, inclined his head, and thanked them, "*Muito obrigado, muito obrigado*"—much obliged, much obliged—and bowed them out. His demeanour here was thought altogether rough and eccentric. I dare say he had neither leisure nor inclination to bandy compliments with Portuguese gentlemen and friars, the greater part of whom, he might well suspect, wished him and all Don Pedro's partisans at the bottom of the Atlantic ocean. I give this report,

without offence, I trust, just as it was made to us by Senhor C——, and confirmed by several of Senhor M——'s friends. Senhor M—— was absent at the time of Napier's foray; for he, too, had found it prudent to expatriate himself during the tyranny of Don Miguel, by whose government every man of substance and of local influence, who did not declare himself for the "king absolute," was treated as a foe and a traitor. Senhor M—— took refuge at Liverpool.

MAY 27TH.

We set off in a boat, at 8 A.M., accompanied by Senhor M——, down the delightful Lima. The sail was arranged over the centre of the boat as a coved awning, and under it was a couch all ready for J—— and me, and a basket with wine and cake, &c. Thus the attentions of our host and hostess were minutely thoughtful to the last. The sail protected us from the sun, without impeding our view. Two men, one at the head, the other at the stern, shoved the boat along with poles. The bed of the river is of soft, clean sand, and abounds with shallows, through which the men are sometimes obliged to *dig* channels; though the flat boat in which we were, not

drawing above half-a-foot of water, would, probably, seldom or never require such a clearance—at least, unless much more heavily freighted than it was now. At Bertiendos, about two miles below Ponte de Lima, we observed a handsome *quinta* belonging to a fidalgo, —a stately house, with stone pinnacles, open galleries, square stone tower, battlemented, and standing within a grove of noble trees. We were told that it was occupied by lineal descendants of those Pereiras whom old Gil Vicente describes.

> "They are thorough-bred nobles and good cavaliers,
> Good defenders of right, *if the cost be not theirs;*
> Full of zeal for the realm, both abroad and at home;
> And, when once they are married, not given to roam.—
> But the women, the genuine pride of the race;
> Oh, they are the women for beauty and grace!
> No flowers are so lovely, no birds are so gay,
> And a spell is in all that they do and they say."

At Passagens, a mile or two lower down, our worthy host took leave of us, and mounted his horse. We often could perceive our own horses and mule, along the river side, leisurely wending towards the same point to which we were so pleasantly gliding. We, too, however, were tempted to land at Veiga de Corilho, on the edge of a plain, three leagues in extent, well cultivated, and now alive with waving

rye, nearly fit for the sickle. This plain is backed by cone-shaped rocky hills. The river banks are more than fringed with oaks and olives: the *old* olive trees thus intermingled with oaks by no means disfigure the landscape; the lichen-stained trunk is almost as picturesque as that of the time-silvered birch. Under the far-spread shade of the oaks we sauntered along for a mile or two, then took to the boat again. On a hill to the left is a pretty chapel, Nossa Senhora da boa morte, "Our Lady of the good death;" and another, not far off, San Estevão da facha, "St. Stephen of the torch." On the right bank, we have passed the small white chapel of St. Christopher, on a grey rock; lower, the chapel of St. Justa. Yonder, on the left bank again, is Victorina, a hamlet, near the Casa dos Abreus Cotinhos, a mansion which was grossly abused a few years ago, and had all its furniture destroyed by the *National Guard* of Ponte de Lima, because *Miguelite* papers were found, or pretended to have been found, there. But the "little wars" of retaliation are never ended in Portugal. Miguelites and Pedroites, Humpbacks and Thumped-backs, Chartists and Septembrists, &c., &c., for ever re-appear under some new

nickname or other, and fight their little spites, and never fight them out; and so it will ever be, unless this fair region shall at last be blest with a strong and honest government. It is a pity that the noisome subject of Portuguese discords *will* obtrude itself everywhere, even on the Lima. But yonder are some men fish-spearing; better that than spearing one another. Just now we passed a group of fishers netting. As we glide along we are greeted, in mid-river, by men who are wading across with baskets on their *heads;* the first *men* that I have seen carrying burthens in that fashion; but hands and staff are needed here to steady them across the unequal shoals. Nightingales are in full song in the hazel and olive copses with which the river margin is decorated as with hedgerows—"hardly hedgerows, little lines of sportive wood run wild." The distant cuckoos are calling to each other. Now we come upon a fleet of boats, in full sail; for here is deeper water, —above twenty boats, and a very pretty fleet it is. They are working up from Viana to Ponte de Lima with *bacalhão*, &c., and empty pipes to fetch wine. Blue dragon-flies—blue, green, golden—are hovering over the water; and *in* the water is a kind of long

delicate weed, that looks like seaweed, the finest, most beautiful that ever was seen; but it is the growth of the river sand, for there it has its root, and the long fibres wave and stream under the current with more life than the current itself, and look, indeed, like the tresses of some group of Nymphs whom the silver sands have suddenly hidden at our approach, leaving nothing of them visible but their hair. The sky above and around is all bright azure—no, not all just now; for there are eider-down-like clouds, with brown edges hovering over the mountains, which those white clouds darken, but not sadden, with their shadows. The men have now taken to their paddles, and we glide along against the breeze, if breeze it may be called, that comes so soft, and so fragrant from the west, and need not "whisper whence it stole its balmy sweets," for yonder is the orchard it has been robbing—a grove of orange trees and lemon trees in flower. The hues of the slightly rippled and quite transparent river are now more beautiful than ever. As we look down through the water, the effect on the sandy bed is as if it was overlaid with a golden network of large open meshes. This is the reflection of the slightly-curled water, the

edges of the little waves sparkling and dancing in the sun, and so on the light clean sand beneath. In some places the effect of the sun on the *surface* of the water is that of myriads of diamonds dancing. Almost all the way down, on both banks, except with such intervals as make an agreeable variety, by letting us in to peeps at the fields, the river is luxuriantly edged, but not hedged, with brushwood; and the branches, not only of the olives and tall oaks, already spoken of, but of this underwood, reach far over upon the stream in many places, and there, on the lithe twigs, the nightingales swing and sing. I *saw* some of them perched in this manner, while they sang against each other "with so merry a note." They were not so shy of being seen as nightingales usually are in England, where, though they seem to like a populous neighbourhood, they shun the *eye* of man or woman. Of the scores of these birds that I have heard at Richmond on Thames, at Woolwich, and other frequented places, I have seldom espied one, though, like Chaucer's Lady of the Flower and the Leaf, and many a time,

> "I waited about busily
> On every side, if I 'that bird' might see."

I suppose they are here unmolested by bird-snarers, and too happy to be suspicious.

Within a league of Viana the tide comes up, and the river widens; we heard no more nightingales. On the left of the river, near Viana, is a hill, with its backbone bristled up with pines, a striking isolated object.

We were almost sorry to arrive at Viana, so pleasant had been the passage down the Lima. Our horses were already at the pier. J—— and I mounted ours, and the gentlemen walked by us to the house of Mr. N——, of Oporto, who had, with his ever-ready gentlemanly kindness, (the air of doing himself a favour when he was bestowing one) commanded us to make that house our hotel.

MAY 29TH.

The hospitality of Mr. N——'s representative here, and the excessive heat of the day, caused us to be later in starting than we had intended. We had ordered our mule-man to be ready at 3 P.M. The surly fellow mounted the baggage mule and started off without us, at the hour. At five, we set out, first riding round the town, accompanied by some Portuguese friends of our English friend Mr. N——, look-

ing at the Guildhall, a bald-fronted stone house, another civic building, (of which I forget the name and use; but it had a handsomely sculptured stone front,) the churches, convents, the queer long sort of zigzag bridge, &c., and the castle,—a strongly-barred, dismal prison on the sea-side.

We then pursued our way, and our fugitive baggage and *arriero*, passing two hamlets, Arioso and Careço, where reside the women and children by whom the lands in the neighbourhood are almost exclusively cultivated; the men, for the most part, emigrating to Lisbon for more remunerative work. These women all look old, and their young fellow-labourers have the appearance of imps rather than children. The constant exposure and exertion seem to deform their features as much as they darken their skins. Our way from Viana, at first, was along a fair sandy road; on the left, a plain of corn-fields to the sea-side; on the right, grey hills with rough ridges. The villages are mostly on the side of these rocks. The latter part of our journey was over soft sands, then through a village; and then we came to an extensive pine-wood, on the nearest outskirt of which we found our *arriero* waiting. He had halted, afraid, as he

confessed, of going through the wood alone, lest he should be robbed. His cowardice satisfied us of one thing, that he was not a rogue as well as a sot; for nothing would have been easier for him, had he been so inclined, than to have arranged a robbery with some of his pot-companions at any lone *venda*, and so to have eased the mule of her load in this very wood, or some other convenient spot, without any witness that would "peach." He might even have done worse, without much risk of proof against him. A posse of ruffians, supposing him to have been in intelligence with such persons, might in this wood, or in any other of the many lone woods and wilds that we traversed, have robbed the whole party of everything valuable about them, for we had no arms with us. This mode of plunder by connivance of the muleteer does not often occur; for most of the *arrieros* are as trustworthy as Arab guides. I can, however, cite two instances in which personal friends of ours seem to have been betrayed by their guides. Our companion, Mr. H——, can furnish the particulars of one of these adventures.

Let us ask him.—Mr. H——, what o'clock is it?

—"Why do you ask *me?* You are always asking

me what o'clock it is, and you know I have no watch!"—"And how come you to have no watch?"—"You know as well as I do."—"But I should like to hear the very particulars from yourself. I have not yet heard them from your own mouth."—"Well, then, it is a short story; unless I make it a long one to revenge myself on your impertinence. I was lately at Vizeu. A young gentleman, also from Oporto, was with me. We were about to return home by Lamego and the Alto Douro. At Vizeu, where we were both strangers, we hired, from a man whom we knew nothing about and who knew nothing about us, two mules to ride, and an *arriero* to walk—all three very bad. The *arriero* was an old fellow, and very slow, but not slower than his mules, so he had no fear of being left behind. We had a terrible pull to Castro d' Aire. Whenever a village came in sight, we asked, 'Is that Castro d' Aire?'—'No, Sir,' was still the answer. At last we approached a considerable cluster of houses on the edge of a ravine. 'Is that Castro d' Aire?' we eagerly inquired of a passing countryman. '*Abr' olhos*' (Open your eyes), he answered with a grin. Uncivil churl! thought we; but the name of the place *was* Abr' olhos. The

man then pointed out to us a confused mass of buildings on the other side of the ravine. That was Castro d' Aire, a very picturesque object at this distance; a wretched place on nearer acquaintance. We descended to the edge of the gully, crossed the bridge over the rushing Paiva, and painfully climbed the steep to Castro d' Aire, whose walls and steeples looked as if a touch might hurl them down the precipice. In this place we passed a miserable night. The filthy hovel called an inn was full of mule-drivers and vagabonds."—"Never mind; go on."—"But some of them minded *us*, and would not let us go on."—"Ay, come to that."—"All in good time, ma'am; hurry no man's cattle; the mules are slow. At day-break we left Castro d' Aire, in a thick fog which soon turned to drizzling rain. When we had proceeded about a league we overtook a blind beggar mounted on a donkey, with an old man on foot, who acted as his guide, and we all jogged on together. Presently my mule threw a shoe; this occasioned some delay; we stopped at every hut or hamlet we came to, inquiring for a farrier, but without success. We had just gained the top of a particularly steep and broken piece of road, and my mule, from which I had got off,

was already limping, when I was joined by a pedestrian in the common dress of a farm-servant. He offered to lead the disabled animal. We declined his services, but he continued to walk and talk with me. I was now in the rear of the party. Shortly after, I was overtaken by a horseman, well mounted and armed, attended by an *arriero*, whom he was upbraiding for having let him sleep too long. 'Pray what o'clock is it, Sir?' said he to me, with a grave salute. I took out my watch, and answered eight o'clock. He thanked me and hurried on. By and by, on turning a corner of the road, I was surprised to meet the said horseman coming back alone, and faster than he had left me. When within ten paces of me, he levelled his carbine, and commanded me to stop on pain of death. I suppose I looked rebellious, for the peasant at my side suddenly pinioned my arms behind, and told me not to make an ass of myself! In a minute or two all my party was brought back, beggar on donkey and all, by others of the gang who had burst out upon them from the brushwood. The horseman now dismounted, and telling us that he was a *soap-guard*, an officer employed by the contractors for the soap monopoly, and that he had received

information that we were engaged in smuggling soap from Spain, declared that we must accompany him to the commissary of the nearest village. They then led us a good way off the main-road, the captain always keeping his carbine ready, within rather a ticklish distance of myself. Finally, after crossing several fields and inclosures, they came to a small wood of oak-pollards. 'This will do,' cried the head thief. In a moment our valises were taken off the mules and thoroughly rifled, each thief helping himself. We, too, were carefully searched, and eased not only of the contents of our pockets, but of our very coats and waistcoats. The rascals, however, seemed grievously disappointed at the amount of their booty, for they only got thirty or forty crowns in money; and they reproachfully assured us, that if they had known we were worth so little, they would not have taken so much trouble!—"But your watch, Mr. H——?"—"Yes, they got our two watches and chains; that was the worst of it."—"And was that all that happened?"—"Not quite: they tied us by twos, back to back, and bound each couple to a tree. We must have looked rather ridiculous. The robbers then left us, promising to send some one to release

us in two hours, and threatening us with all sorts of deaths if we dared to attempt to get loose sooner. In about half an hour, however, our muleteer, who no doubt was in the plot, and had been loosely tied, easily got free, and gave us liberty. The blind man we found in the next field, the thieves having contented themselves with turning him round three or four times so as to make him lose all idea of the points of the compass, and there he was, shouting with all his might. Mules and donkey also were left quietly grazing, our polite knights of the road having merely cut the girths of the saddles. We got to Lamego about four in the afternoon."

But let us get out of this dark pillared wilderness of wood first, "questa selva selvaggia ed aspra e forte." We had silently plodded among its sands for half an hour, when J——, in a tone that was not like her own merry voice, said, "Gloomy enough!" and those two words were all that were uttered while we followed our guide through its pathless and seemingly endless intricacies. Bats were flitting over our heads, and the sea-murmurs were heard; but though there was no moon, cheerful stars were glistening, that appeared the brighter as we looked up at them

through those solemn black pines. In half an hour more we got clear of the wood, and we reached Caminha soon after nine o'clock. We found the inn a very poor one, and luckily, we had a letter of introduction from Senhor M——, of Ponte de Lima, which we did not scruple to send to its address, as soon as we had glanced at the wretched accommodations. Senhor C—— was at the Governor's, with his family, but immediately came away on receiving the letter, and escorted us at once to his own house, whither he was quickly followed, not only by his wife and children, but by the Governor, and three ladies and two gentlemen besides. It was quite a little party, assembled in ten minutes. We had tea, and were then entertained with music,—guitar and piano. One of the nieces of the Governor sang modinhas very pleasingly. Dancing was proposed, but I pleaded our fatigue as an excuse; and before midnight we were kindly suffered to retire to rest. Our mattresses were hard, but everything was clean and comfortable; and had they been stuffed with down, we could not have been more grateful for them.

MAY 30TH.

Caminha stands at the mouth of the Minho, and is therefore the most northern of the Portuguese towns situated near the sea. Few objects of interest detain the traveller here; and few words will serve for them—crumbling batteries, a pretty fountain, narrow streets, neatly paved and *flagged on each side;* and, in the centre of the little town, the handsome *Igreja Matriz,* "Mother-church," one of the finest collegiate churches of the province, and built, or rather commenced, by command of King Emanuel, when he passed through Caminha on a pilgrim's progress to the shrine of Compostella. The first stone was laid in 1488; but the building was not finally completed, with the outward adjuncts of towers, &c., till almost sixty years later, towards the close of the reign of John III., Emanuel's son and successor.

MAY 31ST.

We have sent our horses and servants to Valença, and engaged a large boat, with two boatmen, to take us up the river. So here we are, at 10 P.M., within arrow-shot of Spain and Portugal, and yet in neither; we are in the centre of the Minho, rowing up to

Valença with the tide. The Minho is a fine broad stream to the sea all the way from Valença, and far higher up. It is at present, that is, to us, who have now our eyes on it, of a dull, light sea-green colour. There are several villages on or near its banks on both sides. The landscape is chiefly composed of slopes and taller hills, darkly green with pines, or gray with rocks, or brownish-red with short-heath. Near the river, here and there, are livelier patches of cultivated grounds, and pasture fields. We met a few boats from Valença, bringing down hams and Indian corn. They were sailing against the tide, but the wind was in their favour. We passed other boats that were *poling* up: these were laden with salt for Valença. At Villa Nova de Cerveira we landed, and as our *condessa*, or provender-basket, had been, by a blunder, suffered to take its usual place on mule-back with the rest of our luggage this morning, we bought bread for ourselves and the rowers, and also a *canada* of wine (two quarts), which cost about fourpence. Villa Nova de Cerveira is a very little place, but has its ramparts, bastions, and battlements. There is a small elegant chapel on the ramparts. In the diminutive town is a handsome

church. On the Spanish side of the river is, of course, a rival battery; a little higher up is a round mill-like watch-tower, called the Tower of the Rat, and opposite to it is, of course, another Portuguese battery. On the bald hills of Galicia, as well as on the Portuguese side, are numerous steep roads and tortuous paths distinctly visible. Both sides are hungry-looking, and scarcely interesting; except as boundaries between two nations that detest each other with the vigorous evergreen hatred of near relations at feud.

About two miles below Valença, the boatmen—good-natured fellows, but rogues, who preferred their own convenience to ours—were about to land us, saying, "This is our port." A pretty trudge we should have had to the town! Mr. —— declined landing there, and they pulled on. The morning had been exceedingly sultry; the wind had died away, and the sky became overcast; thunder began to mutter, and large drops of rain gave notice of a storm. Presently, "it did not rain, but it poured;" floods of large rain, intermixed with hail, came hurtling viciously down, and drenched us in a few minutes. The effect on the water was as if it had been suddenly covered

roughly with live snow, so long as this "sharp rain of arrowy sleet" lasted. The blackened sky, and pinewoods and mountains, looked like a drawing in Indian ink. The terror and helplessness of the boatmen were so ludicrous, that even J——, who is not very courageous, could not refrain from laughing at them, though the thunder now echoing among the hills was awful. At every flash of lightning our watermen cowered down like men marked for doom, and at every rattling peal they loudly invoked St. Jerome, and rushed from one end of the boat to the other; luckily it was a large boat, or they must have upset it. In an interval, when there was a little breeze, and a lull of the storm, they put up a sail to expedite their escape. At the first clap of thunder that followed, they lowered the sail in all precipitation, and left it, all wet as it was, flapping on J——'s head and mine, till our gentlemen removed it. The boatmen then rowed away to the nearest bank, and took shelter under some trees; but when Mr. —— told them that that was much more dangerous than keeping out, away they hurried, and we were again in the full stream. They then rowed as if for their lives, and soon put us

ashore at the foot of Valença, the first view of which was very bold and grand—a pyramid of buildings on a hill. Tuy is similarly situated nearly opposite. After an ugly, though sharp walk up the hill, slippery with rain, we passed under the gloomy archways of the fort to the small town, where we put up at the inn "O Galego." It was a *goodish* provincial Portuguese inn; would be a wretched pothouse in a more civilized region. After receiving the visits of two or three gentlemen, to whom we had forwarded letters, and walking round the ramparts and through the poor town, we dined, and retired early to rest.

In the morning, all the party except myself strolled again over the ramparts and town. I went into the nearest church, invited by the open door, and I suppose the morning service was already over, for I perceived no living creature within. But there a little girl, about ten years old, lay dead on her open bier, crowned with flowers, and dressed in silk, trimmed with tinsel and ribbons. She was covered from head to foot with a white transparent veil, a bride for the worm.

Valença is said to be the third strong place of

Portugal; Elvas and Almeida being the other two. It is in bad order, but might, no doubt, stand a good siege if well repaired and manned by a more resolute garrison and governor than those that surrendered it to Napier, when, as a Portuguese gentleman told me, they had men enough to beat him back "with nothing but stones," and might have laughed him to scorn with their formidable twelve-pounders, brass guns, mortars, &c., if all this warlike gear had been in serviceable condition and well served. On this very site, nearly two thousand years ago, a Portuguese warrior shepherd, (a bandit, the Roman historians call him,) after having in many fields foiled the Legions, and conquered peace, erected a strong place of refuge, as if suspicious of the treachery to which he at last fell a victim. No shred of the shepherd's mantle, if he wore one, descended to Don Miguel's Governor of Valença when he surrendered to Napier's handful of seamen and marines. The cowardice, however, of the garrison and the chief was probably rather political than physical. They knew their cause was gone.

Don L—— of Tuy, to whom we last night sent our letter of introduction, called at 11 A.M., and

accompanied us in the ferry-boat to Tuy. The heat was excessive. Four Portuguese Volunteers, whose regiment was on duty at Valença, crossed the ferry with us, and the moment they landed on *Spanish* ground, began to abuse the Spaniards as the lowest of the human race, and they continued their vituperation as long as we let them walk behind us. This must have been pleasant to Don L——, our companion, on his own ground. He took no notice whatever of their insulting language. We stopped that they might pass, and one of the men, who saw how disgusted we were, said, civilly enough to Mr. ——, "Oh, you don't know these Gallegos; ask them how they treated us formerly, when we were outnumbered by the Miguel traitors, and forced to retreat into Galicia."—"But true soldiers," replied Mr. L——, "keep their tongues, as well as swords, in the scabbard, in time of peace." The man smiled, and all four raised their hands to their caps, and walked off.

Don L—— conducted us to his house, a good and pleasant one, where an elderly good-humoured lady, and two handsome young ladies (one a visitor from Vigo, and the other a sister of Don L——) received

us. J—— was almost immediately asked to play on the piano, which she did. Several airs were then played with much taste and remarkable dignity of carriage by one of the young *Spaniards*; for, let the Castilians sneer as they will, there is as true Spanish blood (and blue blood, too) in Galicia as in either of the Castiles. Sweetmeats and wine were offered us, and then we were guided up the hill to various points of view, some of them very fine, the Spanish and Portuguese mountains uniting in a natural and noble harmony, which the two nations seem determined never to imitate. At the very top of the town, the cathedral, with its rich gateway and cloisters, and its dark elaborately sculptured stalls, is worthy of much longer examination than we had time to give to so venerable an edifice. There is a magnificent prospect of mountains, fertile vales, and river, from the robing-room of the bishop. The Tuy prison for men is, of course, strongly barred with iron; but that for women, right opposite, had the casements secured with wooden bars only.

On our return to Valença, the Brigadier-General commanding there, to whose attention we had been recommended by letter, sent an Aide-de-camp to

explain that he had been absent on our arrival, and had only just come back, and that he would come to us presently. But we sent him word that we were about to depart. I only mention the circumstance, otherwise of no interest whatever, as another instance of the *invariable* respect paid by Portuguese gentlemen to letters of introduction.

At 5 P.M. we started for Monção. The ride all the way beautiful; the road, comparatively speaking, not bad. The borders of the river are richly wooded, and cultivated. The hills are also finely wooded; and, when I use this phrase, I do not mean with the pine only, but with trees of more cheerful character, oaks, chesnuts, walnuts, &c. &c. Sometimes we rode under *ramadas* of vines, which are of the most delicate verdure at this season. The vine is trained on upright poles, or on stone-shafts, at each side of the road, and on cross poles at top, and thus forms these charming highway arbours. Exquisite views of the river by the setting sunlight. Tuy looked out boldly and clearly in the full light as we left Valença, while the hills at the back of Tuy were already shrouded in the deepest and richest blue. At San Mamede, a village about equidistant from

Valença and Monção, is a bridge across a deep little woody glen over the Rio da Gadanha, a stream that joins the Minho just below. Near this bridge, which is called Ponte do Manco (the Cripple's Bridge), is a saw-mill; and a little further on is a quinta, with a most imposing breadth of gateway of carved stone; but the house to which it invites attention has no claim to notice. This incongruity reminded me of the story of an English squire, who, having constructed as pompous a gateway to a paltry paddock and insignificant mansion, caused his chosen motto to be inscribed on the gate thus: $\overline{OA}$ VANITAS; on which a sarcastic visitor observed, that the squire's *omnia* seemed very small, and his *vanitas* very great. But some of such gateways in Portugal are of hoar antiquity, and though they may now be "passages that lead to nothing," like Gray's in the "Long Story," the arms thereon sculptured have often a proud and melancholy interest. They tell of men and things that were, when Portugal was a nation, and when Fidalgos were statesmen and heroes.

Half a mile onward we passed the bluff square tower, called the Castle of Lapella, said to be one of the many forts built in the reign of King Diniz, the

poet-king, whose songs of the 13th century have but just been printed for the first time from a manuscript in the Vatican. On the Galician side of the Minho, a little beyond O Castello de Lapella, is the sullen-looking fortress of Salvatierra.

By eight o'clock we reached Monção, whither Mr. L—— had preceded us, and where, finding the inn uninviting, he accepted for us the proffered hospitality of a gentleman to whom we had a letter, and who made our party, servants and quadrupeds excepted, as comfortable as he could on so short a notice. We ladies, having got tea, were glad to go to rest before ten.

Monção, according to some antiquaries, who have access, I suspect, to archives in the moon, (for, "Ciò che si perde qui, là si raguna," says Ariosto,) is so ancient that its first name was Obobriga, from King Brigus, its original founder, one thousand nine hundred years before the birth of our Saviour. So we may peculiarly apply to this place the observation more largely applied by Camoens:—

—de hum Brigo,
Se foi, ja teve o nome derivado—

"It derives its name from one Brigus, if such a one

ever lived." Its second founders were the Greeks, who named it Orozion, whence, as it is pretended, it was afterwards called Mons Sanctus, and abbreviated to Monçâo. After it had been again dismantled and deserted, it was refounded by Alfonso III., not exactly on the same site as before, but where it now stands, close to the Minho. His son King Diniz walled it round, and built the castle. The arms of the town are, on a field argent, a woman on the walls, holding two loaves, and the motto is *Deu la deu*, "God gave her," in memory of the courage and discretion of a noble lady, Deu-la-deu (or Theodosia) Martinez, who, after the Castilians had for some time invested the town, and cut off all supplies, baked some bread, and threw the loaves from the wall, calling out to the Spaniards, "There, if you want food, speak, for we have plenty, and will spare you some." The besiegers, when they saw fresh bread, gave up the siege. They had hoped to starve the garrison out, and had nearly done so; but woman's wile saved the place;

> For those leaguers "little knew
> What that wily sex could do."

JUNE 1ST.

We were up at half-past four, but could not get our servants to be ready till seven. At breakfast, our host, who had travelled much both in North and South America, (and who was sixteen years in Brazil, chiefly in Pernambuco, which, he says, contains the finest scenery he ever saw,) dispraised the Spaniards in no qualified terms. Thus it is wherever we go; and the Spaniards are not one whit less uncharitable to the Portuguese. Pitiable is the discord between two people who worship the same God, follow the same superstitions, have nearly the same language and manners and customs, and a soil which Nature seems to have intended for one vast brotherhood.

On another subject, the vagaries of our acquaintance and countryman, Major P——, of which we had heard something at Valença, our obliging host was more entertaining than on that of his antipathy to his neighbours. The Major, being engaged in the wine-trade, was here for some days, looking at the vintage-produce in every direction; for the English formerly used to procure wines from this vicinity. They were then, it is said, better than

now; the vines at present cultivated yield more grapes, but of inferior quality. The Major, after his field-inspection of the vines, started off for Valença one afternoon, on foot, with no servant; but he was accompanied by two or three men, hired as guards, and a mule that carried his luggage.

When he had proceeded some way, the thought struck him that he might "kill two birds with one stone;" and as he was at no great distance from Valença, and had time to spare, he might just as well cross the river, and look about him on Galician ground. A boat, with its owner, was unluckily near, and perhaps the sight of it was "father to the thought." He hailed it, made an agreement with the man to take him across and back again, and left his sumpter-mule in charge of his trusty guards. By the time he got across, it was dusk; so, after jumping ashore, and seeing nothing, he jumped back into the boat, and was soon once more on Portuguese ground. But where were his attendants, and where was his mule? Gone! He hoped they had, at the worst, but mistaken his directions and gone on before him, leaving him to follow in the boat. No such thing. They had divided his lug-

gage among them, and let the mule loose to find its own way back to Monção. About eleven o'clock at night he presented himself at the gate of Valença. He gave no intelligible account of himself, though questioned in Portuguese, Spanish, French, and Latin. His excitement probably made him forget the little that he knew of any of these languages, or at least that he knew as he heard them pronounced here. He only contrived to betray the fact that he had crossed over into Spain, and on examination of his passport it was perceived that it had not been countersigned with any permission to cross. This was irregular; and there seemed some mystery about the dust-covered man. There unluckily happened to be a guerilla, at this time, prowling about the neighbourhood of Monção. The garrison soldiers would have it that this was no English Major, but one of that band of robbers—perhaps its chief, for he was "a fine-looking man." They proposed to kill him, whether in jest or earnest it is difficult to say; but a mob was by this time collected, and the shout was raised that the leader of the Monção guerilla was taken, and "Kill him, kill him!" was the cry. The Governor opportunely arrived, and lodged him in prison, to save his

life, for which he sent the Governor a challenge to a duello with pistols or swords. No notice was taken of the challenge; and the next day, after a respectable native of Valença had identified the Major as the rightful possessor of the passport, the good-natured Commandant sent him away with a guard, who were ordered to see him safe to Viana, where there is an English vice-consul. But the Major, having no fancy for their protection, got rid of them at Caminha, and finally found his way back to Oporto.

Before we mounted, we looked into a church, and walked through the square of Monção, which is graced by two grand old oaks and a modern fountain. We had a green and agreeable, though hot, ride to the magnificent mansion of Berjoeira, the seat of the family of P—— de M——. It was begun about forty years ago; and, according to the design, should be a square building of 180 feet breadth to each of the four fronts; but only half of the plan has been completed. The house contains grand suites of apartments, with ill-painted ceilings and panels, &c. In one of the saloons are family portraits, in all the ugliness of stiffly-daubed caricatures. The paintings in the

house, of every description, are wretched specimens of art. The pleasure-grounds are very handsome and well kept; cool alleys, vine-roofed parterres of flowers, fountains, terraces with shrubs, gravelled walks, bowers paved with blue pantiles of many patterns, are among the ornaments of these gardens. The house, perhaps, stands in the centre of the proprietor's grounds; for it commands no view of importance, and not a single glimpse of running water. The surrounding country is, however, rich and woody; and the remote mountains are a good back-ground in every part of this district. By the way, or rather, out of the way, we took a boy to guide us as far as the Berjoeira; and we had also a volunteer conductor—a tall, thin madman, of middle age, ghastly and fierce in aspect, but harmless. Poor fellow! he seemed to have an instinctive hostility to *dogs*, which, no doubt, often worry him. He went out of his path to give them battle wherever he heard their bark, and threw stones at them valiantly wherever he saw them.

We had a fine wild, sylvan ride to Arcos; but how hot! and what roads! "if roads they should be called, that roads are none." To the village of Rio

Bom, the way was not only so intricate that we went astray several times, but it was as rude and bad as possible. The Portuguese roads are often mere watercourses, formed by the torrents in the rainy season, and torrents are rough paviours. The ride from Rio Bom, too, over the mountain Estremo, was rather arduous: up hill and down dale, and along the mountain sides, with their half-paved furrows and pits of roads, but with glorious green views all round us, high and low, of the pine-clad Serras, d' Estrica, d' Anta, and, more distant, those of Bolhoza to the west, and da Panheda to the east, shutting in luxuriant valleys of corn and wine. Huge stones (one or two giants reminded me of the *bowderstone* in Borrodale; and many of our prospects to-day were of Cumbrian feature) lay on the hills on our way, and there was one hill that was an entire cone of granite, flattened at top, and supporting great square stones, like a castle-wall and tower. We wanted Professor Sedgwick here. We stopped at the foot of the Estremo, at a village called Choças, (pronounced Shossas,) to refresh ourselves and quadrupeds at a venda, and to replace a shoe that one of the horses had lost. We dined on bread and meat that we had

brought with us, and some superior wine of Monçao of which we found three or four flasks in our *condessa*, into which they must have been smuggled by our host; for we did not know they were there. We chanced, however, to be so scantily supplied with meat that there was none for the servants, so their fare was *sardinhas* and plenty of bread and wine. The horses and mule also had the latter, *sopas*, bread soaked in wine, for neither barley, nor Indian corn, nor rye-straw was to be had in this miserable place. Our churl of an *arriero* broke out into one of his frequent fits of rage; but this time he was so impudent —as if we were answerable for the village of Choças not containing diet to suit his palate—that Mr. —— was compelled to rate him harshly. He had latterly taken to riding our baggage-mule, which he had never suffered our own man to mount, except once, when she was in a vicious humour. Mr. —— now insisted that he should not mount again, and rode at him when he attempted it. The mutineer found it would not do; we were as much frightened as amused by the squabble; but the mule settled the matter, for she began kicking, and set all our horses prancing. The man now turned his eloquence on

the *macha,* and did not flatter her; but her eye, and a certain revolution of one ear, told him that he was safer on foot. Mr. ——, who knows the country, and the ways of its people, declares, that in all his experience he never had to deal with so discontented, ill-tempered, and ill-conditioned a railer, as this *arriero,* who, I am sorry to add, is not a native of Galicia, as most of his calling in this land are, but a Portuguese. As a set-off against this man's misconduct, Mr. —— says that the very best, the most obliging, and the funniest *arriero* he ever employed was a Portuguese who accompanied him all the way from Oporto to Coimbra, the Batalha, Alcobaça, &c. &c. to Lisbon.

Every hill on our route in this fatiguing ride, wherever culture is possible, is as carefully tilled as the vales; the land is partitioned off into small fields which are fringed with rows of dwarf oaks vine-clasped; there are terraces under terraces of these tree-bordered fields, and, instead of a wall of stones to support the side of each terrace, there is often a casing of green sod that looks as well as the trimmest hedge, and adds much to the cheerful verdure of the scene. Between Choças and Arcos are the villages of Pogido

and Gandara de Porzello. It took us seven hours and a half, including halts, to perform this day's journey, though the distance from Monçao to Arcos, in a direct line, is less than twenty miles.

Arcos stands pleasantly in the Val do Vez, on the river Vez, that runs shallow and brawling near it, and disembogues into the Lima a few miles to the south.

From a plateau on which stand two churches and a large house thrown back between them, are fine views of river, valley, and surrounding mountains. I believe there is nothing of man's work very remarkable at Arcos, where, on account of the heat, we remained till 3 P.M.

JUNE 2ND.

The inn-keeper, a civil man, warned us that it would take us at least seven hours, probably more, to accomplish our journey to Braga, and he advised us to defer our departure for twelve hours. He represented the difficulty of travelling at night on such bad roads, and the danger of being waylaid by robbers. But we did not put much faith in these arguments for delay. Besides, if we wished to start at three in the morning, there would be no possibility,

we believed, of getting our intractable *arrierò* to be ready before six or seven. So off we set. There is a beautiful prospect of river, church and town, and fields and mountains, from the bridge of Arcos, a very beautiful view indeed; and the ride all the way to Barca de Bico, the ferry across the Cavado, within a league and a half of Braga, which was as far as the daylight served us, is magnificently rich. The first part was delightful along the margin of the Vez, with abundant verdure on every side, and lofty steeps wooded to the very summit, and the green much enlivened by the yellow-flowering broom, which grows to uncommon height, and blossoms in great luxuriance among the woods here at this season. This country must, I suppose, be exceedingly lovely in autumn, when the leaves are turned and the grapes are ripe, as there are many evergreen trees also. We did not find the road so bad either as our landlord had reported, except in two or three places, and those not so very bad as many that we had passed. For the first two leagues the road was easy enough, and we could hardly have thought it otherwise, or thought about it at all, through such a succession of charming landscapes. The Vez, which

had been our lively travelling companion into Arcos, did not desert us till it reached Ponte da Barca, where it glides into the Lima. There is at this place a pretty quinta, called Paço Vedro (Old Palace). We fancied it might have been, centuries gone by, the site of Maria Lopes da Costa's residence. This woman, who died at the age of 110, and whose traditional fame is alive yet in Ponte da Barca, was twice married. Her children and grand-children were no less than 120 in number, of whom 80 were living around her at the time of her decease. King Emanuel, on his return from Compostella, nearly 340 years since, slept in her house, and was liberal in donations to her progeny. The Da Costas, for the matronymic is not extinct, are still as proud of the Great King's kindness as of their many times great-grandmother's longevity.

Our route now lay by Queimada, Portella, and Pico de Regalados. The stiff dusty steep near the latter place commands from its summit a wide prospect of the plain and city of Braga. Nosso Senhor do Monte, and the monastery of Sansfins, are two of the striking objects that present themselves in this extensive panorama.

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Our evil genius on this pleasant ramble, the *arriero*, figures in to-day's adventures. He is always drinking, and always in a rage. It is quite ludicrous to observe how Grenho (curly-head), our great stout Galician, is afraid of him. He is most respectful to him, and as watchful of his movements as he might be if he were an unchained tiger. As he was not permitted to ride, he now repeated a trick which he has played us several times; he so arranged, or rather disarranged, our baggage, that the mule became uneasy and nearly kicked it off. This gave him an excuse for stopping, and he lingered till we were out of sight; but Mr. —— suspecting his intention from the insolent humour he saw him in, suddenly rode back, and seeing him just about to take his seat on our carpet-bags, forbade him to mount. The man yielded, but not without loud and vehement complaints. Mr. —— now told him that as he was such a selfish and obstreperous churl, and as he had from the commencement of our acquaintance behaved as ill as possible, he should thenceforth always go on foot, adding that he would "break his head" if he saw him make another attempt to mount that mule while she was in our service. Mr. ——

then fell back and rode behind the *arriero*, who sulkily led the mule, while we ladies rode on with Mr. H——. All this was very absurd; but no words can explain the plague this muleman gave us, and Grenho's terror of him always increased our difficulty, though it made us laugh. The man did not like Mr. ——'s riding behind him. He suddenly roared out that the mule pulled his arm off, and let go the bridle. Mr. —— desired Grenho to lead her, or to ride her if he chose. But he was *muito obrigado a sua senhoria*,—much obliged, and casting a queer look of awe at the muleteer, declared that he very much preferred riding to walking, though he had been continually complaining to us that the man would not let him ride. The mutineer dropped astern, and we were in hopes we should see no more of him till we got to Braga. A chance wayfarer whom we met, and who heard part of the altercation, took us into favour and joined us, going back, out of his way, to show us ours over the Pico de Regalados, and carefully leading J——'s horse whenever we came to "a bad place." He advised us to remain at Pico for the night, proposing to accompany us to Braga early in the morning. He was

very civil, and probably equally honest, but he had a cunning look that was not prepossessing. Pico, too, did not appear to be an eligible quarter for a night's billet; so we gave the stranger half a *pinto* (which does not mean half a *pint*, but half a new crown,—that is, we gave him a coin of value little more than a shilling,) and pushed on. Grenho, after many a lingering, but not longing look behind, to ascertain if the *arriero* were fairly out of sight, got upon the mule, to his great content and ours; but, lo! just as we had congratulated ourselves on having, as we imagined, surely left our marplot far behind, the very man appeared at a moment when Grenho had halted to recover a fish-pannier that had dropped. The man must have skulked after us, keeping us in view the whole way. Grenho was about to jump off, but Mr. L——, picking up the pannier for him, told him to remain where he was. We went on, and the man followed at some distance. Presently he rushed up, and, adopting Mr. ——'s expression, assured the Galician that he would "break his head" if he did not dismount. Grenho was meekly going to comply, but was prevented by Mr. ——, who promised the muleteer that if he gave us any more of his

impudence, there should be but one broken head of the party, and that should be his own. The bully muttered and growled, but made no further attempt to interfere till we got to Barco de Vico, the ferry across the Cavado, at half-past eight. Here we were detained till ten for the boat, which was waiting on the other side for some cars and their oxen. The muleman now swaggered, and seemed to enjoy Grenho's distress, when the baggage, being ill-mounted, again became disbalanced. He refused to help him, though Grenho humbly entreated his assistance, confessing his own want of genius to settle such important affairs. At last the fellow did lend him a hand.

The boat did at last arrive too, and was of such commodious breadth and form that we all rode on to it without dismounting. The distance from the ferry to Braga may be five miles; we made it at least twelve, wandering about the country through woods and villages, raising the barkings of all the dogs in the district, and disturbing the slumbers of the inhabitants at several houses by thumping at their doors, till some one or other now and then summoned courage to answer; for no doubt they took

us for a band of mounted brigands. But the information thus obtained was so confused, that we could make nothing of it for a long time. Mr. —— had at first taken the lead, and in the right direction, as it happened; but the *arriero* called out that he knew the way perfectly well; that we were on the wrong track, and must take what he termed the lower road. Of course we complied, and so got into a labyrinth; and then no one was so anxious and so timid as our besotted guide, till, by finding our way back to the spot from which he had called us, we were at length fairly out of the scrape. During all this time the woods and lanes were very dark; for though there was starlight, there was no moon. We were cheered and delighted, however, by the nightingales; some of which, though very near us, did not cease singing for the tramp of our horses' hoofs. We entered Braga an hour after midnight, rattled up the people of the inn, got supper, and were in bed by half-past two.

BRAGA, JUNE 3RD.

The Cathedral was the first object we visited. We attended service; and if to some of us the mass was as a dead letter, none of our party could be in-

sensible to the solemn eloquence of the organ. After service, (at which our Oporto friend, Senhor P—— one of the canons here, assisted,) the sacristan showed us all the rare treasures: first, in the sacristy, several antique pieces of church plate, and the robes, ancient and modern, of the archbishops. Among the silver things was an elaborately-worked image of the Virgin and Child, a great curiosity because it was carried at the battle of Aljubarota by Don Lourenzo, primate and rebuilder of the cathedral, to inspirit the Portuguese soldiers. The mummy, which was afterwards exhibited to us in the chapel of *Nosso Senhor do Livramento*, (Our Lord of the Deliverance), is the corpse of this gallant churchman-martial, who was wounded in that successful struggle for the independence of Portugal. We were assured that it was no *mummy*, that it had not been embalmed, but had been left to dry naturally, and had not corrupted—a marvel attributed to the odour of his sanctity. At the Batalha, one of our fellow-travellers has seen a corse in equal preservation, shown as that of one of the sons of the victor at Aljubarota John I. That also is said not to have been embalmed, and its preservation is the more

remarkable in that damp and neglected edifice.) We saw the chalice used by the first Archbishop of Braga, Saint Gerald, 1113. We also saw this dignitary's pontifical dress, and a curiously rich and heavy vestment worn by some of the primates after the discovery of the south-east passage to India, where it was wrought. There was another chalice, fancifully worked in the form of a Gothic church-tower with little bells, and inscribed with the date 1509. Several paintings and prints of religious subjects and portraits were in the sacristy, but none of much value. We are always eagerly looking out for worthy specimens of pictorial art, and almost always disappointed. From the sacristy we went to see the "Altar of the Sacrament," where is a highly curious and ancient wood-carving of The Church Triumphant; an allegorical piece of many figures, all cut, and well cut, in one massive piece of timber. In the *Capella Mor*, the Great Chapel, we saw the stone tombs of the Conde Don Henrique and his wife Theresa, the parents of Alfonso Henriques first king of Portugal. Near the main entrance to the *Sé* is a bronze monument to an Infante, who died at Braga, a son of John I. We next visited the gorgeous

choir, with its rich old wainscots and stalls of dark wood carved; the wainscotting is partly gilded. We here examined also the double organ, so much admired for its power of sound. We likewise saw the ritual and breviary, black-letter on vellum, from which the Mus-Arabic liturgy was performed as at Toledo. Our kind friend the canon conducted us over every part of the cathedral. Thence, accompanied by Major B——, an officer on the staff here, we visited several other churches and public buildings. We then went to the Carvalheiras, the oak-trees, where are several grand old oaks, some of the trunks above sixteen feet in circumference; and here, fronting and flanking one side of the chapel of St. Sebastian, are twelve of the tall, round, huge milestones which the Romans placed on their five roads that led from Braga to Astorga, &c. These twelve were first removed to the great square, the Campo de Sant Anna, by one of the Archbishops, and subsequently by another, for yet greater security, to this more retired part of the city. I shall have something more to say respecting them presently.

After our return to the inn, *Os dous Amigos*, the two Friends, several persons called,—for we had more

letters of recommendation than enough; and some gentlemen rather awkwardly met in our room, whom political antipathies usually kept out of each other's company. Our friend the canon brought his brother, a colonel in command of a regiment stationed here, who was most obliging. Among other good offices, he civilised our *arriero* for us by some menace which I did not clearly comprehend. The man, who knew Colonel P——, was frightened and humbled, and begged the Colonel to say nothing to his master, so we hoped to have no more trouble with him.

JUNE 4TH.

At half-past 8 A.M. we paid another visit to the Cathedral, and afterwards revisited the Carvalheiras, the oaks, and the Roman milestones, the handsome Church of the Hospital, the Church of the Franciscan Nunnery of the *Remedios*, and that of the Ursuline Nunnery. The gentlemen returned the call of Mr. G——, who was not at home, or probably was at his *sesta*, as it was during the heat of the day that they called, so we missed the view of some paintings by old masters, to which he had promised us access in several private houses.

At half-past 4 P.M., we set off for *Nosso Senhor do Monte*, accompanied by Colonel P——, his brother the prebendary, Major B——, and the Adjutant of Colonel P——'s regiment, and Major P—— of the cavalry. We were a clattering troop, for Portuguese cavaliers are rather fond of keeping their horses in a fidget. J——, on her white horse, which followed the example of the others, was not half sure that she liked all that prancing, but she soon became reconciled to it, and then enjoyed it, till the party being misdirected up the left side of the Mount, a very steep ascent, some of the gentlemen persuaded her to alight and walk with them to the top. There we met a gaudy procession, which was picturesque enough, with its silken flags, its tinsel-decked images, in tinsel state equipage, carried aloft on poles on men's shoulders. These were preceded by a band of drummers who belaboured their parchment lustily, and followed by a train of holiday officials and gazers. From Braga to the foot of this very remarkable eminence is about, or above, two miles. We rode over a roughly-paved causeway the greater part of the way; the country on each side rich and green. When we reached the foot of the mount we should have rode up a stone

causeway, shaded on each side by a line of cork-trees, then proceeded up a zig-zag road, walled in, and also flanked by fine oaks, the meeting branches of which form a most agreeable roof, allaying the glare not only of the sun but of the newly whitewashed walls, for whitewashed they always are the week before Whitsuntide, the week of the great festival. We should have dismounted at the gateway superscribed Jerusalem Renewed; there the acclivity is very steep, and we ought to have pursued the *zig-zagged* angularly walled road, which is furnished at intervals with flights of steps of polished stone, and pinnacled oratories right and left all the way up, containing figures sculptured and painted, as large as life, representing the divine tragedy, The Last Supper of Our Lord, His Sufferings and Crucifixion. At the side of each oratory is a fountain received by a stone basin; there are shaven edges of box along the walls. Then there are allegorical figures of the *five senses;* and figures of saints. Then, on a pedestal fixed on a huge round stone, a statue of St. Longinus on horseback, spear in hand. This is said to be a good sculpture, but is just now disfigured with whitewash. It used to be gilded. Above this, and near the top

of the richly-wooded mount, is the elegant Church of *Nosso Senhor do Monte,* which we entered with difficulty, for great was the press of devotees. In the sacristy is a large and much-admired crucifix in ivory, the figure and cross skilfully carved. Above this church, on the flat head of the mountain, is an area inclosing several chapels, gilded within and furnished with statuary in the taste of the oratories below. The site of the church and of these chapels is very fine. Huge mossy stones and rocks lie scattered about, among the glades of the woods, or detached; and the wide prospect of plains and forests, and fertile fields and swelling hills, and pointed peaks, is as admirable as man may wish to look on.

I have only attempted to convey a general notion of the sort of place, and I have not been very particular in my enumeration, nor in my description of the various objects of devotional art with which it superabounds. For the most part there is more intensity of purpose manifest than skill in execution. The mere *virtuoso* would turn away from most of the details as libels on architecture, painting, or sculpture. But look at those crowds of pilgrims. They are no critics. Look in the faces of any twenty of them

who are assembled about any one of these chapels. Surely Faith has led them hither, though Folly may here have usurped some of her functions. You may see that they have hearts, and that the spirit of the place has *found* them.

This mountain, or rather the whole range, was anciently called *A Portella de Espinho,* "the thorny passage." The name, allusive probably to the then state of the Serra, a wilderness of thicket and bramble, does not violently or inaptly give way to that of Calvary, which the summit and the church of this "Monte do Bom Jesus" now bear. Argote, in 1774, gives an interesting account of the pomp of this sanctuary as it was in his time. Barros, the historian, two centuries earlier, mentions it as a simple Ermida, the little chapel of St. Magdalen, with a cell adjoining. The priest who occasionally officiated there received as his due from the parishioners three early ripe figs and a gourd of water. The chapel was named after Mary Magdalen, and the parish was then called Christina. There are two ways of considering such exhibitions of religious enthusiasm as are seen here. For my part, I am unwilling to take part with the scoffers.

We walked to the foot of the mountain by the way already described as that by which visitors usually make their approach. We then rode back to Braga, and dismounted at a nunnery, at which the Lady Abbess, through Colonel P—— and the *Conego*, had invited us to drink tea. It was the *Convento dos Remedios*, the Franciscan, not the Ursuline, which is also a noted nunnery here. The Abbess, a stout elderly person of cheerful aspect, two old sisters, and three or four young nuns; one of them pretty; another witty, and all merry, gaily bade us welcome. We sate in the parlour, barred out from the nuns by a double fence, two gratings of iron about two yards apart, the inner one stronger and more closely grated than the outer, but both open enough to admit us to an easy view of the nuns' figures and features, as they sate in semicircle opposite to us, as blithe and talkative as caged parrots, each range of bars being at least eight feet square.

They gave us good tea, excellent sweetmeats, and flowers. The latter they divided amongst us, not without some arch allusion to "the language of flowers," which they seemed very well to understand.

To J—— and me they presented the first bouquets, and the choicest. To Mr. —— and Mr. H——, who were strangers also, they gave flowers which, I believe, had no meaning but that of an offering of common courtesy. To Major P—— and the Canon, both of whom bandied irony with them, they gave flowers intended to turn them into ridicule, which produced a good deal of laughter, and animated the merry warfare of words. The bouquets were passed by a young nun through the rundle, or little rotatory wicket at one corner; but never, when for a gentleman, without being first offered to the inspection of the Abbess, who always assented to their delivery without examining them. One of the young vestals went out, and returned with a bunch of flowers, which, after being thus held up to the Lady Abbess, for form's sake, were handed by this pretty religieuse to the *Conego*. Every blossom of which it was composed was a satire on him: so he gaily revenged himself by pretending to have found a billet-doux concealed within it. He affected to put it hastily in his pocket, and acted his part very well: but the Abbess was nothing discomposed by all this innocent raillery. The Abbess told me that she and her sister

had been imprisoned by Don Miguel, for two years or more, as suspected *malhadas*, or persons tainted with liberalism. What a churl must Don Miguel have been! As if a nunnery was not of itself prison enough.

By the bye, this prince, during the siege of Oporto, resided, for a short time, in the Archbishop's Palace at Braga, and of course visited N. S. do Monte. The Canon assured me that on that occasion the road, the walls, the trees on each side, were loaded with men, women, and children, who hailed him with transports of loyalty, those who were on the ground kneeling as he passed.

After taking our leave of those affable nuns, we went to see the Quinta de Viscainhos, which was tastefully laid out, and inclosed by walls with rampart walks, and turrets with eye-holes, commanding agreeable views. Mr. —— saw this quinta nearly twenty years ago, and again in 1836. It was on his first visit in better order than it has been since the war of the brothers. The owner, as he was informed in 1836, had expended so much money in entertainments while Don Miguel was at Braga, that he

afterwards retired to his country seat to economise, having let this quinta with the mansion to which it is attached.

We returned to the inn, with the companions of our ride. Colonel P—— had ordered the band of his regiment to be in attendance. They played in the square under the windows of our apartments till past ten, when they were dismissed, and our friends left us to rest, as we were to rise early. They had tried to tempt us to stay at Braga over the next night, with the promise of a ball, but we were unable to afford the time, and anxious to be among the mountains of Gerêz.

Until Don Miguel was deposed, 1833, there were several monasteries in full enjoyment of gross revenues and privileges at Braga. These of course, sharing the fate of all monastic institutions in the realm, were suppressed by the triumphant Liberals. All such of the dignitaries of the Cathedral too as had been conspicuous Miguelites were ejected, on a small stipend scarcely sufficient to buy them bread; and that stipend was not paid: so that the lordly churchmen and monks, who had luxuriated on the cream of the land, were reduced to extreme distress,

and in many cases were destitute of all means of existence but such as their friends, or the casual bounty of strangers, might supply. Our friend the Canon, though a Constitutionalist, said to me, on this subject, that it was a cruel reform, *huma reforma barbara;* not that he disapproved of a searching correction of ecclesiastical abuses, nor even of the suppression of monasteries; but he thought that the parties expelled were entitled to a moderate life-interest in the rents of their sequestered estates, or to such annuities out of the produce of the sale of church lands as would enable them to live in decent comfort, whatever their political offences might have been. This concession would have been a return of good for evil to those haughty priests and friars in their humiliation, and would have been in harmony both with the professions of liberalism and the law of Christianity. It is true, however, that as to the extreme punishment of death, and the wretched infliction of imprisonment, the Constitutionalists showed much more lenity than the Miguelites, and even as to the sequestration of private property, whereof the latter were savagely grasping.

That the Cathedral is a very antique temple there

can be no doubt, and that the site may have been that of some very ancient Pagan fane is possible, though I will not refer the foundation quite so far back as Osiris, as some writers have done as confidently as if they had recovered the books of Thaut, the lost key of the Egyptian Mysteries. That a portion of the present edifice may be at least coeval with the monarchy seems probable, and would be certain if we were sure that the remains of Count Henry, father of the first King of Portugal, were there deposited immediately after his decease, which occurred on the 1st of May, 1112 or 1114 (the year is disputed). Some chroniclers assert that he died at Astorga, however; and it is just possible that he may have been buried there or elsewhere, and translated hither subsequently. The *Capella Mor*, in which, as I have mentioned, are his tomb and his wife's, is no portion of the original structure, for it was rebuilt in 1530 in the reign of John III., and the original building itself had been in great part, some will have it entirely, renewed by the Primate Don Laurence towards the close of the 14th century. It would not, I believe, be easy to assign to their true dates all the architectural varieties of the

cathedral. The towers and the two sides of the main entrance seem the most ancient.

There are ecclesiastical historians who gravely assert that St. James the Apostle preached in this city in the year of our Lord 36. From that time up to 1755 they count 115 prelates, of whom twenty-two were canonized, namely, St. Peter de Ratès, *their* first bishop; Basil, Ovid, Policarp, Fabius, Felix, Narcissus, Solomon, Leoncius, Paternus, Profoturus, Albert, Martin de Dume, Tobias, Peter Julian, Fructuosus, Quiricus, Leodecisius, Felix Secundus, Victor Martyr, Geraldus, and Godwin, (O beato Don Godinho).

The cathedral contains, as we are told, the bodies of St. Pedro de Ratès, of St. Gerald, St. Martin de Dume, St. Ovid, St. James, (St. Jago *interciso Martyr*, the Martyr cut asunder), and also that of Don—not saint, for he was not canonized—Lourenço, of good memory, (the mummy mentioned). Besides these and many other relics, there are, or were, a thorn of the crown of our Saviour, milk of his holy mother! an arm of St. Luke the Evangelist, &c., all in reliquaries of silver or gold. The real treasures of this cathedral were among the richest in all Spain. They

consisted of large vessels, &c., of gold and silver plate, of most costly furniture, and of pontifical robes and ornaments, of which the intrinsic preciousness was exceeded by the value of the workmanship, and all in prodigious quantity. We saw many of these things; but no doubt the French war, and the civil war, and the incessant changes and commotions since, have considerably reduced the tangible wealth of this see. Church plate, even so recently as last year, was appropriated by ministerial authority to the service of the State. Church revenues had long before been looked after by the hungry treasury. Our liberal canon told me, however, that, though his income and privileges had been much cut down, he had still a fair allowance of both. The rental of the archbishop used to amount to above 100,000 crowns. Ten crowns are a moidore; a moidore is about twenty-five shillings English. This was about 10,000*l.* a year; a great income in Portugal such a sum would be now: very great and princely it was in former times.

Almost every part of Portugal abounds with interest for the antiquary; but Braga, "Bracara Augusta," and the surrounding district especially invite his research, and will reward it in spite of

the wear and tear of ages, and the rougher hand of modern demolition.

A Roman aqueduct, temple, and amphitheatre, noted by Urcullu as existing at Braga when he was preparing his work, had disappeared before his work was published. The amphitheatre was destroyed, or rather the remains of it were removed, that the cleared space might gratify an Abbade's wish to enlarge his garden. The temple was taken down to make room for a cemetery, and during this operation several coins of Titus, &c. were found; also a beautiful miniature statue of Bacchus astride on his wine-butt, and other sculptures. On the taking down, yet more recently, of an ancient tower behind the Sé, several coins of Nero were discovered; one of gold, weighing 23¼ carats, and in beautiful preservation. In the street still called *Rua de Janus* stood formerly a temple of Janus, and in one of the adjacent gardens a figure of the two-faced god was not long ago disinterred.

The general ignorance of the Portuguese people, says an enlightened countryman of their own, the heedlessness of the magistrates, and the apathy of the government (Pombal's administration excepted), have gradually caused the disappearance of many

monuments cotemporaneous with the Roman sway in Lusitania. Up to the year 1837 the elegant temple of Diana at Evora, of which seven pillars are yet standing, had served during nearly a century as shambles: it was then only purified of its abomination on the urgent remonstrance of some persons, whose offended tastes might have been disregarded as fastidiousness, but that luckily they were persons of influence with the *cámara*, or town-council.

The Portuguese gentleman thus complaining had true reasons to reproach the local authorities for their neglect, or worse than neglect, of the vestiges of antiquity. He even gives several, and some ludicrous, examples of their proceedings, worthy of the Juiz da Beirà, Gil Vicente's honest, but not wise, Justice Shallow; and worthy, too, of our own civic "Worships" in many a town-corporate and many a venerable episcopal city of Old England; to say nothing of our railway directors, highwaymen by act of Parliament, who sweep all before them, old things and new things,—an old manse or a new glebe-house, aye, and even a hospital or a church: they have but to nod, and "temple and tower go to the ground."

I believe, however, that it often happens in Catholic countries, when local authorities are accused of in-

sensibility to the beauty or historical interest of ancient architecture, and of gross ignorance in dealing with it, that the destruction or contempt of such monuments, especially of devotional structures, may be less certainly imputed to those causes than to a mistaken feeling of religious zeal. What reverence for art ever staid the hand of an iconoclast when the fit was on him? The destruction of idols and of buildings dedicated to pagan worship is with the sincere bigot but an act of faith. The use of a Roman temple as a bire, or as a butchery, is but another and more convenient protestation against paganism. Even the disregard of successive generations of Portuguese of all classes, with now and then an individual exception, to other and not religious objects of Roman construction, such as aqueducts and amphitheatres, is little to be wondered at. For aqueducts that had fallen into disuse, for amphitheatres that were useless, for colossal milestones and tabular inscriptions, they had no respect. Whatever was unserviceable where it stood, they never hesitated, when within easy reach, to appropriate to any needful purpose; and the lords of the soil, monastic or lay, for the most part, took no heed of, or acquiesced in and even encouraged, the practice. Bridges

and roads they retained whenever it suited them, just as they retained walls, and watch-towers, and houses of the Moors, not from any sympathy with the makers, but from the commodiousness of the things made. History tells us of Roman legions that, in Portugal, forgot their patriotism, and would have made the banks of the Lima their home; but it does not tell us that the Lusitanians ever loved their conquerors. It does tell us how long and successfully they resisted them. It relates the defeats of Manilius and Piso, of Metellus and Pompey, when the Lusitanians were led by Viriatus, a man of Carthaginian race, but Lusitanian birth, and by Sertorius, a proscribed Roman. The Romans, with these great and other less important interruptions, were masters of Lusitania nearly seven centuries. Before their expulsion by the northern hordes, their language must have taken deep root; for the admixtures of all the barbarous tongues of successive conquerors—the Alani and Suevi, Vandals and Visigoths—seem to have made little or no impression; and even the Arabic, during the long dominion of the Saracens and Moors, was but sparingly received in the Lusitanian vocabulary, which, to the eye, and perhaps even to the ear, is to this day more than

semi-Roman, though it may not exactly justify the hyperbole of *the* Portuguese poet, where he explains why his countrymen were favourites of Venus:—

"Venus, the friend of Lusians, for the stamp
They bear to her loved Romans of old time,
For dauntless hearts, for lustre of arms displayed
In Tingis, *for their speech, so like to Rome's,*
That, when compared, it seems with slight alloy
The Latin tongue."

"Venus bella,
Affeiçoada á gente Lusitana,
Por quantas qualidades via nella
Da antigua tam amada sua Romana,
Nos fortes coraçoens, na grande estrella,
Que mostraram na terra Tingitana;
E na lingua, na qual, quando imagina,
Com pouca corrupção crê que he a Latina."

It would not have been difficult for the poet to have strengthened his case by expressing himself in this very passage in as perfectly idiomatic Portuguese, yet in phrase still more Latin. But the old Portuguese was very different from the refined language of Camoens, and from the somewhat less polished tongue written in the days of Vasco da Gama. The mixed population of Lusitania, descended from Asiatic, and Greek, and African settlers, probably spoke a language barbarously compounded of many idioms, till the sway of the Carthaginians in this country was

superseded by the Roman, 216 years before Christ. The Romans during their long occupation here established their language more permanently than their power. The former speech, whatever it was, gradually died out, saving some remnants of that phraseology which continued in use only among the agrarian slaves (native prisoners of war), whom, with their offspring, the victors employed in tillage, excluding them from the towns. But it was the current tongue of the legions and officials, not that of Plautus or Terence, which thus prevailed: and this vulgar tongue, with inevitable modifications that made it still less pure, was that which finally resolved itself into the old Portuguese, and probably became more and more corrupt, and was only at last, and by very slow degrees, reformed, and, I believe it may be said, *re-Latinized.* Several of the earliest scraps of song that are left us are of the thirteenth century, and though we may suppose them to have been cast in the best diction of the time,—for cavaliers, and even a king, are the authors,—they have, I know, somewhat puzzled the erudite academicians of Lisbon.

But whatever may have been the influence of the language of the Romans, their civilisation was a rough file. The masters of the world, everywhere more feared

than loved, never won the affections of this people. To them the monuments left by the Romans were so many memorials of the drudgery to which they, the natives, had been compelled in erecting them under the eye and guidance of their task-masters, with the assistance of the Roman soldiery in some cases. The Suevi, with a noble pride, ruthless as they were to life, preserved those great works as evidence of their own glory in having overmatched the great people by whose skill and will and power they had been raised. The Vandals were not only exterminators of men, but destroyers of the works of men. The Saracens and the Moors troubled themselves little about Roman remains, and directed their rage against Christian temples on the same principle as the Christians denounced Pantheism; and the Prophet's people naturally made the mistake of supposing the Catholic images to be idols. They were, however, great and graceful builders, as well as destroyers; and they were more tolerant than their enemies, for to these, when subdued and living peaceably under their rule, they did not interdict the free exercise of their religion. The Portuguese hatred of foreign domination, and of the memory of domination, has perhaps done more since their con-

version to Christianity towards the demolition of Roman antiquities than all the hammers of the Northmen ever did, and the steadier hostility of time.

Rome, but Christian Apostolic Rome, did at last conquer the hearts of the Portuguese; and the successors of St. Peter did at last, not suddenly or absolutely, but by wary perseverance, establish a sway that might have excited the jealousy of St. James, when, centuries after his decollation by Herod, he accepted the "Captain-Generalship of all the Spains," fixed his head-quarters at Compostella, and now and then careered in air, in knightly armour, over the lovely and Moslem-ridden valleys of the Minho and the Lima.

Yet when it is remembered that above thirteen centuries have past since the termination of the sway of pagan Rome in Portugal, the devastation of her monuments is less extraordinary than the actual existence of so many. Of these remains, the lapidary inscriptions are next, if not equal, in value to the ancient coins—and surely of at least equal value when they happen to have been left undisturbed, as many are in Gerêz and elsewhere, on the spots where they were originally placed; because the subsidiary light which they furnish to the patient investigator

of history is illustrative, so far as it goes, of some intelligible fact. The temple, the aqueduct, the military station, the tumulus, the road, when not illustrated by genuine graven records, often but provoke conjectures which they cannot satisfy. It is true that even lapidary inscriptions are liable, though in a less degree, to the same objection. Time does its work on them as on everything, and the officious hand of man, even where it would not disfigure but restore, has not unfrequently vitiated the sense and authenticity of the memorial. It is obvious how easily this process may be effected, by the slip of the *renewer's* graver in awkward fingers, or the misdirection given to it by his honest ignorance. Scrupulous antiquaries well know what important variations of meaning may be effected by a single letter more or less, or by one substituted for another. To bungling renovators, and to others who, it is said, have altered letters less in ignorance than fraud, to help a theory or gratify a prejudice, may be partly charged the disrepute of the lapidary inscriptions of the Spanish peninsula. I say partly, because careless transcribers of lithographic records, and they who have published them on trust, have been still more in fault for that discredit. Learned

men, such as Eckhel for example, could make nothing of their gallimatia, and no wonder; and therefore, having no access to the originals, they condemned them as valueless. Argote, the voluminous and not unlearned Portuguese author of the Antiquities and Ecclesiastical History of Braga, was a notable victim to the inaccuracy of transcribers. His works, full of mind and purpose, are of little authority, chiefly because he neglected to verify the exactness of information, some of which at least he might personally have tested. In his "Antiquidades do Convento Bracarensé," printed 1738, he says:—"I went to Braga sixteen years ago for change of air. I resided there three years, but I saw little of the province Entre Douro e Minho, having then no idea of ever employing myself in the composition of memoirs of the Braga district. Illness deterred me from any close examination even of the antiquities that exist in Braga, as well as in every part of that neighbourhood." When, therefore, he was about to commence his labours, he procured from the Government an order to the local authorities to supply him with such particulars as were within their reach. Hereupon, he received communications from many persons, of various degrees of intelligence, without combination

and without plan. From these notices, isolated and often incongruous, and from such crude matter as he could extract from books, he compiled his facts and drew his inferences. Now, it is well known that, for the right perusal and due comprehension of lapidary inscriptions, various preparatory knowledge must have been acquired, not only in the art of deciphering contractions, but also in the history both civil and political of the countries referred to. Besides which, the author who has not the opportunity of ocular inspection, or who, like Argote, neglects it, and who confides in casual informants, or in books, has to contend with the carelessness of copyists, the mistakes inevitable from successive quotations, the charlatanism of many who are called antiquarians, and the confusion of theories founded on error, but, though at variance with each other and with truth, sanctioned to credulity by the course of time.

It is remarkable that of the twelve milliary inscriptions at the *Carvalheiras*, at Braga, scarcely one was copied with perfect fidelity for Argote *. Few of my

* The only accurate correspondent he seems to have had, in relation to Roman antiquities, was the erudite and pains-taking Don L. Alvares de Figueiredo, coadjutor of the primate Don Roderick de Moura Telles, and afterwards Bishop of Uranopolis.

readers will care to inquire into such grim mysteries of antique stenography. I will not therefore insert those inscriptions here, though I have them all at hand as they were copied by a friend of mine ten or twelve years ago, and as he verified them not only by comparison with Captain Diogo Kopke's copies, but more recently in the venerable presence of the originals. Nine out of the twelve are more or less imperfect; some are almost illegible, and one has but a single letter remaining. Of the three perfect ones, however, there is one which I will venture to select, because it has been variously read and commented upon, not only by Argote, and Morales, and Father Henão, but by Gruter, and his commentator, Holtenius; by Joseph Scaliger, and Orsatus; by Pagi, and many other very learned writers,—and all from inaccurate copies! These accredited writers have raised a controversy for their own embarrassment and that of others, with respect to the interpretation of letters which do not exist, nor can ever have existed, in the inscriptions of which they treat; so that they have utterly puzzled and disgraced the testimony of a monument which, if literally transcribed, might have thrown some light on the obscure chronology of the emperor C. J. V. Maximinus,—an

epoch that has much exercised the ingenuity of the ablest chronologers. Here is the inscription as it stands :—

IMP CAESAR C IVLIVS
VERVS MAXIMINVS P F
AVG GERMANIC MAX DACIC
MAX SARMATIC MAX PONT
MAX TRIB POTESTATIS
V IMP VII P P CONS PRO
COS ET C IVLIVS VERVS
MAX NOBILISSIMVS CAESAR
GERMANIC MAX DACIC
MAX SARMATIC MAX PRINCEPS
IVVENTVTIS FILIVS D N IMP C
IVLI VERI MAXIMINI P F AVG
VIAS ET PONTES TEMPORE
VETVSTATIS CONLAPSOS
RESTITVERVNT CVRANTE Q
DECIO LEG AVGG PRPR
A BRAC AVG M PI

Imperator Cæsar Caius Julius Verus Maximinus, Pius, Felix, Augustus, Germanicus Maximus, Dacicus Maximus, Sarmaticus Maximus, Pontifex Maximus, Tribunitiæ Potestatis Quinquies, Imperator Septies, Pater Patriæ, Consul, Proconsul, et Caius Julius Verus Maximus, Nobilissimus Cæsar, Germanicus Maximus, Dacicus Maximus, Sarmaticus Maximus, Princeps Juventutis, Filius Domini Nostri Imperatoris Caii Julii Veri Maximini Pii Felicis, Augusti, Vias et Pontes, tempore vetustatis conlapsos, restituerunt; curante Quinto Decio Legato Augustorum, Proprætor. A Bracara Augusta Mille Passuum.

Thus read, the only essential difficulty that the inscription presents lies in the words "Trib. Potestatis V." This little numeral adverb *quinquies* is the nut that is so hard to crack. It may be known to the reader, that the precise date and duration of the reign of the first Maximin, the gigantic Thracian wrestler,—a man whose elevation to imperial power was more wonderful than Napoleon's,—is variously given by the early historians of the Empire. But all modern writers on the subject, whether historians, chronologists, medallists, or antiquaries, of whatever class, and however disagreeing on other points of this reign, concur in assigning rather more than three years only to its duration, adopting the account of Eutropius. Then how comes this "Trib. Pot. V?" With a woman's logic, by guess, I should have concluded that the qualifying unit had been accidentally left out by the engraver, and that the V should have been IV. But such an easy solution seems inapplicable to the doubt; for though we find a distinguished antiquarian, Jacob, so skilled in coins, boldly affirming that not a monument is extant which makes mention of Maximin's fifth year of tribunitian power, this stone is not the sole

witness to the contrary. At Bertiandos is a milestone, brought thither from Ponte de Lima, which bears an inscription almost identical with this at Braga. It was communicated to Argote by the same Bishop of Uranopolis mentioned in a preceding note, and to whose honour it may be added, that if all Argote's correspondents had been as faithful transcribers as he was, the publications of Argote would be entitled to far higher estimation than they have obtained. Near Valmaseda, in Biscay, is another inscription; whether on a milliary column or not, does not appear in Father Henão's ungrammatical copy, where the dative case rules a verb. It was a communicated copy, which, he says, in his "Antiquities of Biscay," he compared with the original, and found correct; adding, however, that he was less careful than he ought to have been in his examination! In this we have "Trib. V." The omitted, perhaps obliterated, letters can be no other than *potestati*, or an equivalent abbreviation. As there are in France, as well as in Spain and Portugal, many similar inscriptions setting forth the style of one or other of the later emperors (some of which inscriptions were hardly cut before the flattered emperor was murdered), it is possible and probable that

there may be other unnoted memorials attributing the fifth year of tribunitian power to Maximin.

How, then, is this little obstinate stump, which has tripped up so many grave chronologists, to be removed from their path? Captain Kopke, who took great pains to clear it away, was at last fain to console his own doubts with an hypothesis not very satisfactory, as given by him in a letter to the gentleman with whom he had previously discussed the difficulty. He says:—

"I take the liberty of sending you proof-sheets of an extract,"—for which see Revista Litteraria, Porto, Jan. 1839,—"from my dissertation on the 'TRIB POT V' of Maximin. I think you will excuse the unceremonious form in which your *foster-son* so early appears before you.

"Since we last parted, the dissertation has grown into a good-sized octavo volume. I have annexed—rather, prefixed—to it, an essay on the tribunitian power of the emperors, gleaned principally from Eckhel; and I have inserted in the body of the work the whole of the observations and objections of Eckhel, Tillemont, and Muratori.

"I will venture to point out to you the idea on which I have settled down"—(as to the fifth year of Maximin's tribunitian power).

"The prolongation of Maximin's reign is impeded by the commencement of the third Gordian's, the number of whose years of empire, and the data of which (the termination at least), appear to be sufficiently well fixed by the historians. Now, I make one reign independent of the other; for I think I am authorised to state, that Gordian, as soon as he assumed the purple, began to count the years of his reign, *not from that day, but from the day in which Pupienus and Balbinus aggregated him to themselves as Cæsar*,—he considering it a sort of usurpation on their part, the not admitting him to the honours of Augustus. This way of counting clears up the cause why the medals of the Trib. Pot. I of the third Gordian are so rare, if in fact any exist; and also explains the largesses (liberalitas), hitherto unexplained, which are stamped on the reverse of many of the Trib. Pot. II" (of this Gordian). "These donations were distributed on occasion of his *real accession* to the throne, on which very day he began to count Trib. Pot. II. Maximin's reign may thus be prolonged rather longer; his reign in the provinces" to the beginning of the fifth year.

Captain Kopke, a gentleman, a soldier, and a scho-

lar, died, in the prime of life, a few years after the date of the above letter. He had been educated in England, but had lived long enough in Portugal after his return home to lose somewhat of his facility in writing English. I am not acquainted with the volume alluded to in the foregoing extract, nor do I believe it has been published. But I have taken whatever suited my purpose from his paper in the "Revista Litteraria," which is probably a fragment of that work; and whatever is valuable in these observations may be found there. If accurate chronology were not the very pole-star of history, the question might appear too trivial for notice. It is, after all, but a dot in the world's doings, and may have put scientific industry to more pains than it is worth; and I, as an unlearned writer, crave grace of my unlearned readers for having troubled them therewith. I will only further remind the antiquary, that the Roman monuments in this district, and the country on which it neighbours, have been by no means worked out.

"So now I twitch my mantle blue;
To-morrow to fresh fields and pastures new."

JUNE 5TH.

We were to-day to look upon sterner forms of mountains than we had yet seen. We rose at 3 A.M., and were out of Braga before 4 A.M. First to Carvalho d'Este, a long league, up hill for the most part, till, turning round about a quarter of a mile before reaching that village, we got a noble view of Braga and its rich plain, and a glimpse of the western ocean, just at sun-rise. From this hill also we witnessed the finest effect of vapour I have seen, except once, in another mountain land, when descending from the summit of ——. But there it was a pompous army of clouds marching and deploying under me; here it was one vast stiff body of whitest fog imbedded on our left in the deep valley which it filled, and so motionless, so fast asleep, as if it would never wake or stir to the call of the winds, and as if it were impermeable to the sun, and lay there as a shroud to some great mystery. We proceeded over hills green with fern, rhododendron, laurustinus; and gay with a thousand flowers, gum-cistus, heaths white and red, yellow gorse, yellow broom and white, wild mignonette, yellow jessamine,

clematis, lavender, heartsease, white thorn, dog rose white and red, and thousands, thousands more, all, or most of them, in bloom, all sending forth an exhalation of "rich distilled perfumes;" and scattered among this wilderness of sweets were huge gray stones, or rather hillocks of stone; further off were stony mountains of similar appearance to these hillocks, but in parts well sprinkled with trees, oaks, cork trees, beeches, and interspersed with the birch, the wild almond, and many others of the minor sylva. Our route lay through the villages of Pinheiro and Anjaes, leaving on our right the lone steep crag on which stands the church of N. S. do Pilar and the old tower of a castle in which Alfonso Henriques, if the legend be true, imprisoned his mother. Both are striking objects, which we proposed to visit on our return. A little incident that occurred as we passed through the next small village (Val de Luz), produced from one of our party the following—

LYRICS ON HORSEBACK.

In Val de Luz, the Vale of Light,
A hamlet neither fair nor bright
That valley's title bears—
(As honours oft, by merit won,
Descend to some ignoble son,
Or wealth to worthless heirs)—

A narrow street of squalid huts,
Fierce-visaged men, and fiercer sluts
With eyes and elf-locks black,
And earth-brown features grinning scorn,
The passing stranger seemed to warn,—
"Beware of an attack!"

Such hints are spurs; but yet the last
Ill-omened shed was scarcely past,
When checkt was every steed!
What stops us here?—a torrent strong,
A mighty flood of glorious song,
Indignant of our speed.

The Nightingale of lusty lungs,
The bird that has the gift of tongues,
The key to every breast;
'T was he, that as we rode along
Waylaid us with a force of song,
And held us in arrest.

No wanderer through a dark pine-wood
To brigand mandate ever stood
More suddenly than we;
Stopt by a bird in open day,
An Attic bird that ambushed lay
Behind an olive-tree!

This is no mere fancy versified. The fact happened as it is told. J—— and I, Mr. —— and Mr. H——, all pulled up at once, as if at the word of command. The servants being behind us could not do otherwise. There, on our left, in an olive tree close to the road, "the cunning master of the spell"

was hidden. The tramp of our cavalcade, and our abrupt halt, did not disturb him. He continued to "cheer the village with his song," and us too, till at last we broke away.

Igreja Nova (new church, which might now be called Igreja Velha, from the aged appearance of its stone church) and Posadouro were the next villages we passed. As far as the latter place, and a little further, you are on the road from Braga to Salamonde; but not far beyond Posadouro, you have the Salamonde road above you on the right, and take the lower road down, or down and up, to the Gerêz. But less than a mile before you thus diverge from the Salamonde road, there are, on the left, several eminences from which are to be seen prospects that when once seen are not to be forgotten. The first of these memorable views opened upon us as we rambled off the road among the hills on the left, and the eminence from which we witnessed it chanced to be the very point of view that we had been cautioned by Captain and Mrs. D—— not to miss; but as we were not aware that we were so near the turning off to Gerêz, about which they had warned us, it came upon me, as it had at first done upon our

friends, with all the force of a surprise. From a green ferny slope, about which are scattered huge smooth brown and black stones, "dropt in Nature's careless haste," you all at once descry the deep, rich, very green and woody valley of the Cávado; a long and narrow and tortuous pass, through which the eye may trace the river almost, as one might fancy, from its cradle near Montalégre, (where by the bye are antiquities worthy of note) winding far away westward, for the prospect extends both up and down the river, of course at two views, right and left, from this acclivity. But the mountains of Gerêz thus abruptly brought home to us, engage the sight for some minutes to the exclusion of other details. There they are, "in grim repose;" and my first sensation was as if I had suddenly perceived a lion sleeping across my path. I mean that the grandeur, and air of power in repose, of those heights, unexpectedly discovered so near, convey an impression of awe akin to that which might be produced by such an adventure as meeting a lion *couchant*, real, not heraldic, though of course without the fear and the retrograde impulse that would be produced by such perilous propinquity to the great wild cat, who is

called the king of beasts. There are several views, each varying in character from other eminences here, on the left side of the road, equally good, I think, with this, (which I call "D——'s station," because he marked it out to us), but none perhaps that would produce quite so striking an effect of awe *after* this view was *first* seen. The contrast between our side of the river, with all its depths and undulations of verdure, at once graceful and noble, and that stern, rugged husk of the Gerêz, stony and bare and steep, is indescribably solemn. Those mountains, as viewed from this quarter, are a heap of crags, ridges, and peaks, so fantastic in their outlines and angles, that in parts their features might be called elegant, if the whole effect was not too grand for such an epithet, and if they did not seem more like elements of chaos than like forms which plastic Nature had handled with care.

On quitting the Salamonde road for that of the Caldas, turning our backs on the Cávado, to meet a smaller but as bright and spirited a river, the Rio Caldo, the ride became more difficult than it had hitherto been; for the ways were steep, narrow, and rugged, dipping and rising and twisting most uneasily;

as they led us through several scattered hamlets of one name, as we understood, Caniçada, then by Bouças, and by Villar da Veiga, to the Caldas. But the views were ample compensation for the heat and fatigue endured. Nothing could be more beautiful than the richly wooded slopes shelving down to the river; and (as seen through glades of groves of oak and chestnut, and often *over* the heads of these and other lively green trees, so steep were some of the rocky and ferny declivities on which they flourished) nothing could be grander than those formidable mountains, with the many-tinted river, chafing and foaming and shining over its stony channel, yet so translucent that the great rocks under water in the deeper parts of its bed as well on its borders were as distinct to the eye as if no river covered them. This clearness was the happy accident of the fine weather in which we were travelling. The Caldo, which is always a "river running with a young man's speed," must have a very different appearance when swollen and turbid with heavy rains or the melting of the snows of the Serra. On our right, too, all the way from Posadouro, as we went up and down and wound along our hill-sides, there were stony and woody

mountains which would have engaged more of our admiration elsewhere; but in the vicinity of the Cávado valleys and the glens of the Caldo, and the Gerêz Serra, we had not much to spare for them.

Admirable was every part of this day's ride, and even the stoic philosophy might forget the cold egotism of the motto *nil admirari* in such a wonderful country. I must confess, however, that the fatigue, under a burning sun which we could not always escape, was sometimes too much for me, and it seemed as if we should never reach Villar da Veiga, our resting-place, one league short of Gerêz. The village of Bouças lay, as it appeared, at our feet at every other turn, and then away we went again, leaving it behind us :—

> "The long rough road, returning in a round,
> Mocked our impatient steps, for all was fairy ground."

But the groves of ilex, chestnuts, ash-trees, plane-trees, and even of olives, (picturesque, as I have before remarked, when grouped on uneven surfaces though not so on plains) and the ever-recurring *ramadas* of vine, were refreshing and cheering, the more so for that fierce, bald back-ground of *the* Serra.

At last we did plunge down into Bouças; we crossed and recrossed the river over a bridge of wood, and another of stone, both narrow, and without rail or parapet and therefore somewhat unpleasant to ladies' nerves. Then we worked up and down—chiefly up—to the village of Villar da Veiga, which is a pretty place, and by the aid of comfortable architecture might become quite attractive. In front of a hut, which is the *venda* or wine-house, is a sort of *Champ Elysée*, but more worthy of the name than the Elysian Fields at Paris; for here it is a grove of strong-armed and wide-spreading oaks, on one side bordered by the river, over which is a solid stone bridge, parapeted...

As soon as we arrived, hooks were screwed to four trees, and my Indian hammock and J——'s were slung. Into them we got without delay, and were asleep in five minutes; a tiny clear brooklet tinkling along just under us on its way to the river. While we slept, the gentlemen had our cold dinner set out on a table, also *al fresco*. When all was prepared, we were called; and after we had dined under the oaks, we retired to our hammocks again, and slept for two or three hours more under the greenwood

trees, till man and horse were ready to start. J—— mounted, singing—

> "Come, stain your cheeks with nuttle-berry,
> You 'll find the gipsy's life is merry."

But she, poor girl! is in no need of the gipsy cosmetic; for sun and air on this tour have already stained her cheeks nut-brown. We were on horseback again at 4 P.M., and rode leisurely up to the Caldas, which is itself on high ground, though at the foot of the grim mountain. A nearer approach to the Serra by no means abated our sense of its dignity.

The village of Caldas de Gerêz is small, comprising but a few cottages and several lodging-houses; all the latter and most of the former shut up and deserted, except for two or three months in the season, which had not yet commenced, for its hot baths. The natural heat of the springs is about as much as the hand may comfortably bear. The street is intersected with rivulets, which, being *cold*, seemed to be the very paradise of frogs; they were leaping and croaking in every direction, and they serenaded us all night.

We had taken the precaution, conformably to advice given us at Oporto, to bring two days' pro-

vender from Braga, and also to send on a person from Villar da Veiga to open one of the lodging-houses for us; for there is absolutely no accommodation of any description to be had here. We were, therefore, introduced into an empty house: but with the hammocks, &c. that we brought, and the civility of the two or three persons who came with our messenger from Villar da Veiga, we did well enough. We had tea without milk, and bread without butter (next morning at breakfast the same)—no great penalty for curiosity that had been so abundantly gratified. By the bye, how the cuckoos played at hide-and-seek among the mountains on our ride from Braga!

> "O cuckoo, shall I call thee bird,
> Or but a wandering voice?"

And how we flushed the red-legged partridges, whir, whir, whir, among the underwood, and even on the dusty, lonesome road-sides; the hen-bird, followed by her small brood, usually taking the alarm first, while the bold male challenged and scolded us, and almost suffered himself to be rode up to, before he took flight.

As it was no part of our plan to penetrate the

recesses of this mountain range, a labour that some of us would readily have undertaken had engagements permitted, I will add a few observations upon it, chiefly from Argote, a writer whom I presume to be unknown to the majority of English readers.

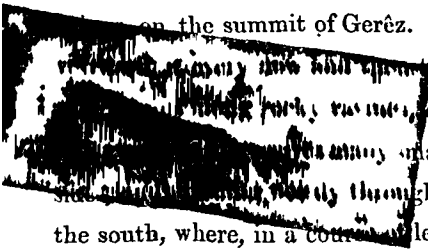
In a monthly magazine of Oporto, the *Revista Litteraria*, 1842, are three "Articles," (on the Geira and the Roman Roads, Antiquities, and natural productions of the Gerêz) put forth as the "copy of an anonymous, original manuscript supposed to have been written about a century ago, and preserved in the Royal Archives of the Torre do Tombo at Lisbon, numbered 41." Eagerly did I turn to the perusal of these papers after such an announcement, and I soon perceived that I had read them all in Argote (whose first volume was printed in 1728, and the last in 1747) except a few interpolations in a turgid and puerile style! I therefore doubt whether any such MS. be among the Torre do Tombo Papers. At all events, an impudent hoax must, I suppose, have been played upon the Editor of the Oporto "Literary Review."

The great Roman Road of the Gerêz has been admired for its *facility!* I am assured by one who

has travelled it that it is anything but easy now, whatever it may have been at any former time. What it is now, it probably was a hundred years since, and for many previous centuries, for such remote lines of route in Portugal and Spain undergo little change. One can hardly conjecture in a region like this that it was ever anything but a most arduous road, even when new for the march of the army of Julius Cæsar, its supposed founder, or when repaired at the approach of an Emperor, a Consul, or a Legate. Bridges still visible, and now and then a military column, counting the miles from Braga, do, however, attest that it was a great and wonderful work, worthy of the Napoleons of old: and it is possible that it may have been in later times kept in some order for pilgrims. Smugglers, the only constant frequenters of the tract, are not nice in such matters.

At the Portella de Homem, near Villarinho, at the north-eastern corner of Tras Os Montes, it ceases to traverse Portuguese ground, and is continued to Orense, Lugo, &c. It may be traced, we are told, into France, and over the Alps, and all the way to Rome! (*Quem tem boca vai á Roma,* says the Portuguêse proverb,—"He who has a tongue may find his

way to Rome." True; but he would hardly find it now by this road, I suspect). The Roman bridges over the Homem, no less than four in the space of half a league, were unluckily destroyed by the borderers, for security, rather more than 200 years ago, when Portugal shook off the yoke of Spanish usurpation. The little river Homem, a plaything in summer, but in winter a furious torrent, takes its name from the Lamas de Homem, a large swampy plain, full of



on the summit of Gerêz. Thence, hurrying akes a plunge into comes out shining aller rills from both h Portella, turns to the south, where, in a cour less than two miles, it takes in thirteen tributaries, and thus strengthened and deepened, twists merrily on till within a league of Braga, and after a run of about thirty miles from its rise, it is lost in the Cávado. It is famed for excellent trout, and the higher you go, and the colder the water, the better, it is said, is the fish.

Not far from the Caldas de Gerêz is the reputed site of a Roman city, Calcidonia, on the top of a steep hill, where a rude remnant of a circular wall,

partly formed by nature and partly by rougher masonry, is shown as the residue of the place. Within it are huge, confused heaps of granite, obviously of the same family as those that lie scattered on the outside by a mightier hand than man's. It is likely enough to have been an inclosure for sheep and shepherds. It is impossible that it was ever, with those great blocks thus inclosed, the inner wall of a city, or even the outer wall of a *castrum*. It may have been a retreat of refugees from the invader in days of yore. At Barzes, a prettily situated cluster of huts at the foot of the hill, Roman tiles, hewn stone, coins, and other indications of a Roman locality, have been found, and it stands on the old Geira road. This, then, is the more probable site of the city, if Calcidonia were ever more than a name in these parts. *If* is warily put in; for in the parish of Cobide, in which Barzes and the hill above it are included, is a small chapel, to which belongs a monkish legend that throws suspicion on the very name of Calcidonia, inasmuch as the Romans were not in the habit of naming their new cities in reference to the names of the mothers of Christians whom they martyred. It is the chapel of St. Euphemia, a

native of Braga. This young lady was one of the nine holy daughters of Caius Attilius and his wife *Calcia*. On the rock on which the chapel is built, a granite rock, are marks of knees and of the points of feet, for here it was that St. Euphemia, a girl of fifteen, knelt and prayed when about to suffer martyrdom. The marks have remained ever since. The ghost of the young Saint, long after her death, appeared to a shepherdess near *Calcidonia*, and pointed out to her the place where her body had been buried, and commanded that it should be carried [illegible] dedicated to her sister St. Marinha, which church [illegible] is still the parish church of Cobide. [illegible] accordingly deposited there, and they worked such miracles that all Portugal and all Galicia flocked to her tomb, till a Bishop of Orense, piously jealous, contrived to steal the body, and buried it with great pomp and veneration in his cathedral, where it now rests. Mr. Ford's legend is not so circumstantial as this, and differs from it in one or two particulars. But this is a great controversy. Don Roderick da Cunha, Archbishop of Braga (in his History of the See, 1st Part) and several other grave authorities, could not make

up their minds that this was the right place, notwithstanding what St. Euphemia herself had told the shepherdess. On the other hand, tradition and a host of undeniable witnesses born ages after the death of the martyr contend vigorously for the claims of the parish of Cobide against all those doubters and cavillers, and denounce the memory of the body-snatching Bishop and of all successive Bishops of Orense who have sanctioned and profited by the theft. On this side also was another Primate of Braga, Don Roderick de Moura Telles, who surely ought to have known, for in the month of August, 1725, he actually visited the chapel, on the *veiga* or *holm* of St. Euphemia, and kissed the rock several times, and then personally examined and verified the knee-prints and foot-prints in presence of a crowd of clergy and laity. Here, then, is something like a decision *ex cathedrâ;* but the obstinate Galicians would not accept it, and they never restored the reliques to the injured people of Entre Douro e Minho. Rivalries of this peculiar kind have been so many and so hot, that they might of themselves, without other international grievances, account for the enmity between Portugal and Spain.

These mountains, says Argote, possess many claims to admiration. Whether we look at the trees, the plants, and the flowers that they produce, or at the lakes, the rivers, and fountains they abound in, or at the wild creatures, bird and beast, within their limits, we find that Nature has gifted them not only with the grand features of highlands, but with some things peculiar and characteristic. They possess animals totally unknown, as well as wolves, wild boars, and deer. In 1528, Francisco Domingues, accompanied by two hounds, was in search of some strayed cattle. [illegible] three leagues and a half from the church of São João do [illegible] two herdsmen who were on a similar [illegible] and dale. While they were conversing, his dogs suddenly gave tongue and rushed furiously into a thicket. After some time they came out, dragging a quadruped that they had killed, but of a species which none of the men had seen before. It had the snout of a boar, was claw-footed, and of the size of a sheep-dog. The skin was handsome, and prettily striped, lengthwise, with white and blue lines.—There is also in these wilds a deer-like sort of animal, but with horns like those of the goat, and therefore called the mountain

goat by the shepherds. It has a keen scent, is very alert, and remarkably sagacious. These creatures are gregarious, and when pasturing together they have always a sentinel posted above them, who gives signal by bleating at any approach of danger, on which they disappear in a moment. The hillsmen take them by placing over the edges of the steepest rocks large light planks, with a bait of fresh grass on the farther end. The poor animals thus allured are precipitated by their own weight, plank and all, and so are killed or disabled. (Link calls this the Caucasian goat.)

Birds of prey abound here: falcons, hawks, owls, and many other kinds; and, notably, royal eagles of extraordinary size, for some have been killed that measured five Flemish ells (cinco côvados) across the wings outspread. Their enormous nests—usually built in the steepest crags, on a projecting shelf, and under a cope of overhanging rocks, and therefore inaccessible by climbing,—do not always escape plunder. The peasants make their way to the top from behind, and there let down one of their hardy comrades in a basket, so as to enable him to take the young. (This is the well-known

method of robbing eyries and sea-fowl nests. Argote says nothing of a battle royal with the parent king and queen of birds, the most perilous part of the enterprise.)

The dwellers about these fells affirm, as a truth assured by vigilant observations, that the mother-eagle, if her young do not take wing before the 23rd of June, the eve of the anniversary of St. John the Baptist, always compels them to fly on that day (!) They also (with more reason) deny the assertion of Pliny and the naturalists that this bird places the [illegible] among her eggs, to prevent [illegible] addled. The nests have often been examined with great care, and nothing has been found among the sticks and [illegible] they are made of, except rabbit-skins and other such remnants of spoil.

Many trees not yet classified, and almost every common sort of forest and fruit-tree, are indigenous in some part or other of Gerêz. The multitude and magnificence of the evergreen-trees is remarkable; and as to the Flora of these mountains, no *hortus siccus* can show specimens of all her variety of wealth. I do not venture to follow Argote any farther, for he appears somewhat simple and unpractised in the

animal and vegetable kingdom — somewhat like Adam in Eden, when he first looked upon the unnamed things around him. But his delight seems as sincere. He writes as if his heart were in the mountains, and I like him the better for that. It is pleasant to see an antiquary alive among "the heights and hows, and braes and burns."

Link, and the few later botanists who have been here, may be consulted with advantage.

There was no village at the hot springs of Gerêz in Argote's time. The springs themselves were then (1738) but recently discovered, or rather recovered, for there are hints not only of Moorish but of Roman resort here. In his remarks on the springs, he suggests the possibility of establishing a sanatorium in this rugged solitude. So Argote may be termed the Father of the Caldas de Gerêz.

Were the relative height of mountains to determine their influence on the mind, those of Gerêz would hold a subordinate rank among Alpine sublimities. The loftiest of the range is less than 4000 feet high—not so high as the Righi or Ben Nevis, not higher, perhaps, than Snowdon, nor much superior to Scawfell, Helvellyn and Skiddaw, and far less

elevated than the Marão, the Estrella, and some other Portuguese Serras. But at Gerêz, as at Cintra, it is by the peculiar characteristics rather than by the vastness and elevation of the range that we are affected with admiration. Many a mountain of more than thrice the altitude of either of these, is comparatively barren of effect. Without considerable height, it is true, there can be no mountain worthy of the name; but I doubt whether an ascent of even 2000 or 3000 feet only, if striking by its position, noble in form and outline, and grand in features of wood, water and rock, may not, in all its combinations and contrasts, produce as full a sense of Alpine sublimity as any Alps or Andes that ever awed the heart of man.

JUNE 6TH.

"There is but one step," said the modern pioneer of the Alps, "from the sublime to the ridiculous." The croaking of the frogs all night made it impossible for us to sleep. I suppose these creatures give up possession of the Caldas village when the bathers come. If not, how can the hapless invalids derive benefit from hot baths, unless deafness be part of the complaint? And then, if the waters should cure the

deafness, one night's concert of frogs would, I think, make the patient wish himself deaf again.

We were up before daylight, and resumed our ride, about sunrise, but were long covered from the sun by the mountains.

A little adventure occurred just after we had started. The mule, who is a lady of capricious disposition, and sometimes a downright termagant, shocking our ears with her horrible bray, and laying about with her heels in a most unladylike fashion, took one of her wicked fits as soon as she came to a bad place. She pretended to be frightened at an old woman, started aside with one resolute plunge, dislodged from her back the muleman (who had again been permitted to mount), and nearly deposited the man, the luggage and herself, in the bed of the river that foamed deep below under a precipice. She scrambled up again however; the *arriero* had fallen on his head and was uninjured, and Mr. H— remained near him, while he and Grenho readjusted the cargo, and expostulated with the mule. We met two peasant-sportsmen with rifles, going, they said, to shoot deer on Gerêz—another, who told us he was going to shoot wild goats. Wolves are said to abound

in this neighbourhood. Mr. —— and J—— and I rode on through Villar da Veiga and the other villages which we passed yesterday, now and then leaving the road to hunt for prospects, often with success, till we arrived at the place where we yesterday left the Salamonde road; but wishing to see *D.'s Station* again, we rode on towards Braga for above half or three quarters of a mile further. Having then visited the station, we returned and took the way to Salamonde. We had now the Serra de Gerêz again in face: majestic in every point of view, but so scarred and rent and bare of soil, as to look like mountain majesty in rags, but without the least loss of dignity; it wore its guise of poverty so greatly. The road, a good one, and pleasant maugre the heat, was high on the side of a green sylvan mountain, through several villages, and through noble groves, woods of chestnut-trees, whose *hearts* were grey and broken and hollow with extreme old age, while their massive, leafy heads were as green and fruitful as youth. On our left was the Cávado and its valley, and the Gerêz, which now showed still loftier peaks than we had seen yesterday. All the last league (say four leagues) to Salamonde opens out prospects

wonderfully fine. About mid-day we arrived at Salamonde, a village on the mountain border of this province, Ruivaens being in the Tras os Montes, Mr. H—— (sleepy, dreamy, dumby and blindy, as we often jestingly call him), who had kindly remained with the servants and mule to superintend their movements, performed capital service to-day, and quite redeemed his character; for, knowing that we must have advantage of time over him, he struck up by a short cut, mule and all, though with difficulty, and got into the village long enough before us to make some preparations at the inn.—The first thing we did was to send for the schoolmaster and an old woman, to each of whom we had to deliver a message and a parcel from Oporto. This commission executed, our gentlemen set about arrangements for dinner, resolved to have a feast; but first, the ladies' hammocks were slung in one of the rooms, that we might rest before dinner, as usual. Having brought fowls, we had the *potage*, which the Portuguese call *Calda de Galinha;* two *tender* fowls (*rare*), one boiled, one roasted—both hot; a cold Melgaço ham; roast beef out of one of our tin-cases of preserved meat, which proved excellent when heated; good bread,

and clean salt: we had also a bottle of Scotch ale and a bottle of Champagne—all of which things we brought with us,—the latter from our friend at Barcellos; and we did fare sumptuously. Nothing like mountain air to make bad fare good, and good fare exquisite.

But though thus brought down by toil and hunger to such kitchen and cellar joys, we had not forgotten that we had objects of more interest to look after, and our having dined well in no degree blunted the edge of appetite for those. So when the heat of the day began to slacken, we got again on horseback, taking no servant, and we went eagerly in quest of the bridges by which Soult retreated, as described with interest almost romantic by Southey, Napier, the Frenchman Noble, &c., &c. From none of these, but from a friend who has been here before, and who is now riding at my side, I take the description of this famous pass:—"The road from Salamonde, which place stands high on the Serra de Viana, though sheltered, is at first partly cut through sandstone, which banks it on both sides; then it opens out over a space purple with heather and green with ilex and fern, arborescent heather, tall fern, and gum-

cistus, &c., an open view for some distance all round: with here and there steep and deep ravines and gullies; some of these pits filled with woods of ilex, &c. Then the road becomes steeply tortuous, down towards the Cávado that flows between this Serra de Viana and the grander and more rugged Serra de Gerêz: the way thus drops crookedly through wilds of tall heather, intermingled with dwarf-oak, going sheer down in places as if much ploughed by torrents, but not difficult of descent with such sure-footed horses as ours had proved to be. Presently the bridge of Ponte Nova, the *Saltador,* is seen deep below you through a grove of olive-trees, under which tall ferns, &c. grow luxuriantly—a scene altogether wild and pleasant to travellers at their ease like ourselves. The Rio de Ruivaens, that flows under the Saltador (or Ponte Nova) is a mere shallow brawling brook, in dry weather, tumbling along noisily over a channel of smooth stones, and between large blocks of grey and white granite, the upper parts of which are tinged with lichens. The views from its borders upon both sides have a wild richness; on the left are castle-like crags, with a foreground of hills and slopes, verdant with

ilex and rough with stones and gorse, &c.; on the right are rude hills, where oaks grow among smooth stones and rugged rocks. The banks of this torrent-stream, the Rio de Ruivaens, which joins the Cávado a little below the Ponte Nova, are margined with yellow-flowering broom, ilex, heather, gum-cistus, and other plants: the water is white and transparent; and a mere toy for an angler just now. How different was it on that dismal night of storm and rain, when Soult and his thousands were hurrying over it, while the floods were out, and—

"The angry spirit of the water shrieked!"—

the English cannon (though but one gun was up, the echoes must have made it seem twenty) thundering upon them, and ploughing into their serried masses! The bridge (Ponte Nova) is one-arched, and of solid stone; the arch is by no means lofty, and there is nothing in its appearance to account for its name of *Saltador*, the Leaper; so no wonder that Colonel Napier and others have made a mistake in transferring this name to another bridge, the Miserella, to which we shall come presently. Having proceeded along the left bank of the Rio de Ruivaens, up-stream, we crossed the bridge,

turned sharp to the left, down stream on the right bank, and then the road, leaving this stream, wound off to the right, up the left bank of the Cávado, which was here and there whitened with natural water-breaks. The road was here good and level, of fair white sandstone, and its breadth might vary from four to six feet: it led us through a grove of oaks and old chestnuts, then over a stone causeway, and little bridge that spans a winter-torrent course, now dry. To the left, wherever we wound, the rocky mountains of the opposite side of the river on the right bank faced us closely; to the right we were always greeted by the richer mountains of the left bank. So the road winds along; now again a steep slope, after having been level for awhile, again through a grove of chestnuts, and again over a torrent-course, bridged with rough stones, and shortly afterwards another, where the road roughens. The herbage of the hills now becomes more scanty, and the way more stony, till on the left is a picturesque waterfall of which the accompaniments are both striking and pleasing; for above the rocky chasm from which it flows is a bold embattled crag, so exactly like a fortress that the delusion was complete for a

minuté: the water falls behind, and as it were into, a little steep wood, in which it is lost; and on the lower skirt of this wood hang some fresh little pastures. Beyond, the valley expands, and the verdure becomes richer; olive trees, oaks supporting vines, and even fields of maize, appear in gay relief to the severe back ground of rough peaks. Here, I think, we lose the Cávado. Leaving it on our left, and turning to the right up the left bank of the Rio de Venda Nova, another stream, which joins the Cávado a short distance behind us, we proceed through the village of Os Frades do Pinheiro (where there is no pine tree, but a fine grand chestnut tree, of great girth) up and down a winding, narrow, and rough road, which twists through masses of great rocks, as the stream itself does, till we reach the lofty bridge of the Miserella, whose one tall arch does indeed leap boldly across the roaring water, and might therefore well be mistaken for the *Saltador*. The power of this torrent when swollen is attested by the enormous piles of granite that are worn and drilled into holes and cavities, and into all sorts of shapes, and about which, even in this calm and dry weather, it foams and rattles, and plunges as a waterfall just

above the bridge. The view up and down, and on every side from the bridge of Miserella, is rocky and savage; but not without the grace of evergreen oaks and cork trees, which do not at all detract from the wildness of the scene. This track is little known, except to the *Almocréves* of Montalêgre, Chaves, and the Spanish frontier, and to the *Contrabandistas* of the border, to whom it is familiar, and one of whom was the guide and saver of Soult's army. The minuteness, therefore, and perhaps tediousness of the description may on both those accounts be tolerated. To old Peninsular campaigners this 'pass of peril' has always been of peculiar interest since that fearful night when Soult and his battalions crushed through it, so soon after their ruthless triumph at Oporto."

The sun had set before we left the bridge of Miserella, yet we were not in darkness; for not only were there visible stars, but to J——'s great satisfaction, as *she* first observed it, there was a thin crescent moon, with its circle completed by a dark ring, reminding us of "the fine old ballad of Sir Patrick Spence"—

> "Yestreen I saw the old moon
> With the young moon in her arms."

We arrived late at Salamonde, but without having lost our way; for in going we had made accurate observations, without which, in that doubtful light, we might have been puzzled on our return by the many divergent paths. We supped on a soup which the gentlemen pronounced worthy of *Les Trois Frères Provençaux*, though it came out of one of our tin cases, where it had been for two or three *years*, and it only required fire for a few minutes. As Mr. H—— had the previous night, at Gerêz, slept upon a bare table, Mr. —— thought it but fair this night to offer him the third hammock, which he also had only used once (at Gerêz). Mr. —— therefore committed himself to the mercy of one of two very dubious-looking beds; for this inn of Salamonde was not a cleanly house, though the old host and his respectable-looking old wife and two daughters were very civil persons, to *us* at least. Mr. —— had not been long in bed before he became aware that he was self-sacrificed to the little black skipping demon whose name is Legion. Mr. H—— blundered about for two hours before he could fix his hammock: at last he got into it; and having done so, as Mr. —— informs us, with an-oh-how-comfortable sort of

flounce, he resigned himself for some moments to the "sober certainty of waking bliss," preparatory to the sleeping bliss in which his fancy revelled; then his contented "Good night" gave notice that he was about to drink deep of the luxury of rest. So he gave himself one last comfortable turn, and the hammock one good swing, and down came he and the hammock, hooks and all, and brought him to the floor, where he lay struggling and chafing in the dark for a quarter of an hour, head and feet entangled in the meshes of the hammock-net, before he could rise and grope his way to the vacant mattress. The *tapaye* was so great, that we, in an adjoining room, were for a moment alarmed, but the roars of laughter from Mr. —— soon re-assured us; and I do believe he laughed all night at his friend's disaster. J—— soon was asleep, in spite of the noise; and after last night's wakefulness, I would gladly have slept too, but I again found it impossible. There was an incessant jingling of mule-bells in the stable right under us, which was unfortunately full of cargo-mules; this inn being a resting-place for the *almocréves* (mule-drivers or carriers) on their way to and from Montalêgre, Chaves, the Spanish frontier, &c.

The mules, which are never allowed to lie down, but are always tied up short, have for their night-caps the same bell-gear which they wear by day; so that, whether they are munching their *milho* and straw, or nid, nid, nodding as they stand asleep, it is one perpetual motion of sound—jingle, jingle—from numerous little brass bells. The *almocréves* have the odd notion—or perhaps they pretend, to avoid the trouble of grooming their beasts—that the bells both cheer and lull the mules, and that they would neither work nor sleep without them—just as the carters profess that the oxen would not draw well if the revolving axles of their cart-wheels were greased. In that ears-excruciating wheel-music, however, there is one advantage: it warns the far-off rider or driver that a cart is coming, in the narrow and intricate lanes of Portugal, where there may be neither room to pass nor turn. An English surveyor would say, 'Widen your lanes, grease your wheels, and have mercy on your beasts.' But, oh frogs of Gerêz! and oh, mule-bells of Salamonde! "Oh, to forget you, thrilling through my *head!*"

Another incident may be mentioned among the humours of the night, though we were but indirectly

concerned in it. We ladies had, by the recommendation of the old host's two daughters, locked the passage-door, which, as we understood, shut in no room but our own. But through that passage, it seems, the elders of the family should have passed to *their* room. The old people, therefore, could not get to bed, and they sat up in the kitchen; for the old landlord was too polite to let us be disturbed, though he was impolite enough to permit himself to beat his respectable old wife for an accident which was in no way her fault. This ungracious fact was reported to us next day by our man Grenho.

JUNE 7TH.

Our host made out a heavy bill for us in the morning, to indemnify himself, I suppose, for having been excluded from his chamber. We did not demur to the payment, though we had really had next to nothing but what was our own. We set off again at day-break, and reversed the ride of yesterday, as far as the turn-off of the Geira road; then we bore to the left (revisiting D——'s favoured station) through Posadouros, Igreja Nova, and Val de Luz, as on the 5th, only retracing our way, till, from the latter place, we went to the left again, on to Povoa de

Lanhoso, where we halted all through the heat of the day. Though in getting to this place we passed over a fine bold country, everything appeared tame after Gerêz; everything but that bluff crag already alluded to, of Our Lord of the Pillar. We rode for some time over an open heath before we reached Lanhoso, which is a very pretty place, standing, as Braga does, in the centre of a rich undulating plain, and having, like Braga, its Holy Hill near, and its circuit of mountain-barrier complete in the distance.

After dinner at the quiet and comfortable inn, we sent the mule and arriero, who was already half tipsy, forward to Guimaraens, while we rode first to the hill, about a mile off, and up the hill, (a quarter of a mile steep), whereon stands the church of Nosso Senhor do Pilar, with oratories from bottom to top, enclosing figures descriptive of Our Lord's passion, as at "N. S. do Bom Jesus," of which mount, indeed, this, though steeper, seems an imitation both by nature and by art, on a reduced scale—except the old castle, or, rather, the only remaining tower of the castle, in which Affonso Henriques is said to have imprisoned his mother. Ambition has no relations.—Affonso Henriques, it will be remembered, was the first king

of Portugal, the son of that Count Henry by whom in fact the monarchy was founded, and by whom the primary lines of Portuguese nationality may be said to have been drawn. Camoens calls Count Henry a Hungarian prince; but, according to the *Art de vérifier les Dates*, and other older and yet more important authorities, it appears that he was a prince of Burgundy. He came into Spain, a chivalrous adventurer, to assist the king of Leon, Alfonso VI., against the infidels, and he was rewarded with the hand of that king's illegitimate daughter, Theresa, and with the earlship or seignory of Portugal, which he finally succeeded in not only delivering to a certain extent from the Moors, but also in disengaging from fealty to the throne of his benefactor; for the father-in-law had conferred the lordship on him, not as a dowry, but as a fief. Count Henry's eventful life is ably sketched by Senhor Herculano, in the first book of his History of Portugal. At the Count's death, his widow assumed the power, their son being but two or three years old. Theresa was as ambitious as her deceased lord, and in no hurry to resign her authority, which, indeed, she claimed as her own right by the grant of her father. The son, when about seven-

teen years of age, levied war against the mother, and having made her prisoner, shut her up for a while in this castle.

Theresa, celebrated for "angelic beauty," ruled, in fact reigned, and was even called queen, for fourteen years; and the story of her life, after she lost her first husband, is one of the most dramatic that can be found,—coloured all through, as it is, with her variable fortunes, with her love as constant as her hatred, with her energy, bravery, and weakness. Gelmirès, the first and famous archbishop of Santiago, figures in the scene like an arch-demon; dark, able, daring, subtle, and tortuous,—the tyrant of Galicia,—the dread of his own sovereign, Urraca, queen of Leon,—the secret ally of her sister Theresa,—the counsellor to both sisters, and traitor to both. To this great bad man, and consummate courtly hypocrite, his foe and rival, the rough, sturdy Don Pelagius, archbishop of Braga, stands opposed in bold relief; while the ambition of temporal, under the guise of spiritual, domination, is the fever that equally possesses those primates. Among other actors in this wild drama are, the king of Arragon (Alfonso the

Battler, *El Lidador*, second husband of the fickle Urraca); Ferdinand Peres, the Galician cavalier, who in camps and perils won the heart of Theresa, a heart true to him through all "disastrous chances," till it ceased to beat; and lastly, her son and enemy, Affonso Henriques; for it was the fate of both sisters to fall by the persevering animosity of their own sons. Towards the due understanding of the condition of *young* Portugal and the north of Spain at this perplexed crisis of broils and intrigues, it is not alone the Latin "History of Compostella" that must be consulted. That account was drawn up at the request of Gelmirès, by two of his personal friends and partisans; it is his vindication and panegyric; and, however valuable in many respects, it is especially open to suspicion in all that relates to the motives of that "sacerdotal Mephistopheles." "The Chronicle of the Goths," and other contemporary writings, should be also studied. Up to every accessible source of remote authority Senhor Herculano has diligently worked his way in search of facts, and he has given a masterly, and, considering the difficulties, a remarkably clear summary of those struggles in camp, court, and curia. A long note, however, in which he labours to

prove that the fair Theresa was not married to her Galician count, is not so satisfactory. He accuses those who have held a contrary opinion of "throwing camphor on a corse!" But another of his metaphors in the same note is in still worse taste. "We must not," he says, deprecating the folly habitual to his countrymen, of exaggerating the prowess and refining the manners of their heroes of a barbarous age, "we must not awake our ancestors from their sleep of death, to strip them of their armour and their coats of frieze, and re-clothe them in courtly velvet, nor in fine broad cloth, nor in woollens and cottons from *English steam-looms*." Oh, the perfidious cottons of England! But Senhor Herculano's small spite against Great Britain on every occasion where he has to mention England or the English, peeps out as perceptibly as it does here, where they and their envied manufactories have nothing to do with the subject. Such amiable little ebullitions are harmless and simply ridiculous in a periodical miscellany like the "Lisbon Panorama," already extinct; but in a grave history they betray in the historian a spirit that may prove fatal to the character of his work.

Another chronicler, of far less authenticity than Senhor Herculano and than most of his carefully-chosen authorities, gives a very curious report of Theresa's overthrow and imprisonment, and of the vagaries attributed to her son Affonso Henriques. It is not to be found in Herculano's volume, and is properly excluded from it, for the absurdities of several of the particulars refute themselves. Yet, as Affonso Henriques is in some sort the Alfred of Portugal, I am tempted to quote that curious old chronicler. The account is not without its value in traits of manners, and of popular credulity, and a certain chivalry of sentiment.

"Near Guimarães, in a place called Samremdanha, the armies stood in battle-array. Theresa said to her husband," (Don Ferdinand Peres is here meant), "'You are stronger than my son. Make him prisoner.'—A battle ensued, in which Affonso was worsted, and, being on the retreat, he met, at a league from Guimarães, his tutor or guardian, Don Egas Moniz, who encouraged him to rally his men and face the enemy once more. He did so, and gained a victory over his stepfather, and secured the person of his mother, whom he incarcerated in the

castle of Lanhozo"—(a fortress of ill omen to her, for she had formerly been besieged here by her sister Urraca)—"it is even affirmed that he put her in irons. Theresa, addressing her son through the bars of her prison window as he passed, said:—'May iron break your limbs, and may you become a prisoner.'"—(Hence the place of her confinement is to this day called 'The Tower of Malediction.') "The Pope, hearing that the Prince kept his mother in chains, ordered the Bishop of Coimbra to enjoin him to release her, under pain of excommunication. The Prince answered that he would not release her for the Pope or any one else. Thereupon the Bishop retired, and excommunicated him that same night.

"The next morning, on being informed that he was excommunicated, the Prince assembled the canons in the chapter-house, and said,—'From among you all, choose me a bishop.' They answered, 'Sir, we have already one bishop, and cannot elect another.' The Prince rejoined, 'Not one of you who answer thus shall be a bishop in my time; but get you gone, and I will find a bishop.' And, looking about him, he espied a black man, and beckoned him to approach. 'What is your name?' 'Sir, my

name is Solleima,' replied the black. 'Are you a true believer?' 'Sir, there are not two more true believers than myself in all this company.' 'You shall be their bishop,' declared the Prince, 'on condition that you say mass for me.' But the negro objected:—'I cannot say mass, Sir, for I am not a priest.' 'I ordain you; now say mass for me, or I will cut your head off.' The terrified blackamoor obeyed, and said mass.

"The Pope, being informed of this proceeding, concluded that the Prince must be a heretic, and therefore deputed a cardinal to teach him the Faith. The Cardinal, on his progress through Spain, was everywhere received with much honour, and the people kissed his hand. But the Prince observed, 'There is not a cardinal nor clerk of any degree whose arm shall not be shortened by a foot if he offers me his hand to kiss.' The Cardinal arrived at Coimbra, and felt alarmed. The Prince would not go to welcome him; so the Cardinal, though with no good-will, presented himself at the palace-gate. The Prince received him honourably, and said, 'Don Cardinal, for what purpose are you here? I never could clearly see what rewards were intended for me

from Rome for these crusades that I maintain against the Moors, warring upon the Infidels day and night. If you have brought me any treasures, produce them: if not, Don Cardinal, go your way.' The Cardinal replied, 'I am come hither to instruct you in the faith of Christ.' 'Oh,' said the Prince, 'we have as good books here as you have in Rome, and we know as well as you the Articles of Faith, and we believe in the Trinity as much as you Romans: and, Don Cardinal, we require none of your lectures from Rome just now. But my people shall attend to your wants, and to-morrow we will see each other again, if it so please God.'

"The Cardinal retired to his inn, and ordered barley for his mules, and at cock-crow (*quando cantava o gallo*) he excommunicated all the town and country, and departed. The Prince was no sooner apprised of this affront than he pursued His Eminence, and having overtaken him at Vimieiro (eight leagues from Coimbra), seized him by the hair, and would have decollated him but for the dissuasions of the gentlemen about him. The Cardinal cried out, 'O Prince, do not harm me, and I will do whatever you please!' 'My pleasure then is,' answered Affonso, 'that in my

days neither I nor Portugal, which I have acquired by my sword, shall on any pretence be excommunicated. These nephews of your's, your brother's sons, whom you have brought with you, shall be left with me as hostages; and if you do not, within four months from this day, send me satisfactory letters from Rome, their heads shall be the forfeit for your neglect.' The Cardinal at once consented to the terms. Affonso Henriques, when he let the Cardinal go, sent off a trusty messenger to Rome, to obtain intelligence and give minute reports of all that passed. This envoy accordingly informed his master, that when the Cardinal made his report to the Pope, His Holiness protested that it was impossible for him to comply with such terms, and that he was much surprised at the Cardinal's having promised anything of the kind. To which the Cardinal answered, 'If you, Holy Father, had felt the clutch of so stalwart a cavalier, and seen his naked sword about to cut off your head, while his impatient war-horse was pawing the ground and digging your grave, you would not only have granted the letters I promised, but surrendered the keys of St. Peter.'

"The Pope sent the Prince his letters of indemnity

before the expiration of the specified time, on which the Prince sent back the Cardinal's nephews, with great honours and with many gifts. The Cardinal always afterwards transacted at Rome the affairs that related to Portugal. Christian kings and princes should well note those hierarchal intermeddlings, and how they should resist them. Don Solleima, the Black, was from that time Bishop of Coimbra, and all his mandates were obeyed by the diocese.—

" Affonso Henriques, the king of invincible heart, seven years after he had been proclaimed king by his army on the field of Ourique (?), was married at Coimbra to Donna Mafalda, a lady lovely in person and rich in graces and good qualities, as well as of royal lineage. By her he had three daughters and one son (Sancho I.) His youngest daughter, Oraca, was married to King Ferdinand of Leon, but divorced by the Pope, because, being near in blood, they had not obtained a dispensation. This produced a quarrel between Affonso Henriques and his son-in-law. The king of Portugal, in the prosecution of his glorious career against the Moors, besieged Badajos with great force, and took it from the Infidels. Ferdinand required the place to be given up to him

as his city. Affonso Henriques refused, and was therefore besieged by his son-in-law. 'Oh,' exclaimed the king, 'the Leonese are come to comb our polls (*catar-nos*). It is time to be on the alert.' He commanded a sally against the Spaniards, and the press of out-going militants from the city was so great as to cause confusion. Affonso Henriques set spurs to his horse in order to clear the gate, and take the lead of his people; the horse bounded forward, bore his master against a bolt of the gate, which the porter had neglected to draw quite back, and so the king's leg was broken; but he rode on into a field of rye, and there fell, and the horse falling on him aggravated the fracture. Fernan Rodriguez, a Castilian, observed the accident, and informed the King of Leon, saying, 'My liege, yonder is Alfonso Henriques, with his leg broken; go seize him; for God has given us a greater prize than we expected.' Thus was the King of Portugal taken, and thus did his mother's malison take effect at last," (in 1169, forty-one years after the battle of St. Mamede, when she was defeated and taken by her son).

"King Ferdinand soon entered the town with his captive, whose hurts were there healed, while he

was treated with all honour. Ferdinand came to an agreement with him, by which Affonso ceded certain lands, and was set free, on condition that he should return to captivity if he ever mounted a horse again; Affonso Henriques observing, 'I am well content to agree to that, for it is a thing that I shall never be able to do.' He returned to his kingdom, and completely recovered the use of his leg; but he never more backed a horse—neither choosing to fulfil the condition, *nor to break his word.* He always thereafter travelled in a car, like the kings of old, or in a *liteira* borne on men's shoulders." (Here is a sedan chair in the twelfth century). The downright breach of faith by the French King, who lost all *sauf l'honneur* at Pavia, and lost his honour afterwards, seems more respectable than Affonso Henriques's quibbling evasion.

I have given the legend, without any omission or variation of importance, nearly as I found it in a work but little known, Acenheira's "Chronicle of the Kings of Portugal;" but for the real or more likely circumstances, here "dashed and brewed with lies," see Herculano.

We ladies rode all the way, up to the very top of

the rocky cone, and round the church, and down again by the Oratories, and to the left of the flight of steps at bottom, without once getting off; a feat which, considering the steepness, we were rather proud of. The gentlemen, more merciful to their horses, left them in the stable, and walked. Returning to Povoa de Lanhoso, they mounted, and we resumed our journey through the fertile valley that we had admired from the Mount. Having to cross the river d'Ave, we rather overshot our mark, and having thus missed the proper passage, we were obliged to take to a narrow stone footway by a mill, (stepping-stones, as the Cumbrians would say)—

> "Stone matched with stone
> In studied symmetry, with interspace
> For the clear waters to pursue their race
> Without restraint."

A nightingale in some copse on the bank was singing gallantly, as if he took the quavering of the water-wheel for a challenge. It was necessary to dismount here, and lead our horses carefully over. Mr. —— had done so with his, and had returned for mine. J——'s white horse was committed to the care of Mr. H——, who had not guided him

three steps before he contrived to let him slip into the river. What a splash and consternation! Mr. H——, however, at some risk of being pulled in over head and ears himself, fished the horse out again without damage. We heard so many nightingales along this pleasant water, that we called it Nightingale River, which was almost a translation of its real name, *Rio d'Ave* (Bird River). The cuckoos, also, were hailing one another from hill to hill. The road, up a mountain-side, was toilsome; the prospect, as we looked back towards N. S. do Pilar, magnificent. On our left lay N. S. do Porto, another of those pilgrim mounts, with its church and chapels.

We reached Guimaraens about 8 P.M., that is, in about three hours after we left Povoa on our return from the Pilar. It was all walking work for the horses, as, indeed, is the case almost everywhere, the roads generally forbidding a brisker pace. We found beds prepared for us at the best inn, which is called the *Pasteleiro*, on account of certain sweetmeats that it is, or was, famed for—*pasteios de tutano*, marrow-patties. It stands in the square, and opposite to the church of Nossa Senhora da Oliveira (Our Lady of the Olive tree). This church, a most venerable

Gothic monument of early piety, has been disfigured, desecrated, both within and without, by successive repairers and embellishers. It would be difficult to do justice to the incongruities that have been grafted on the old pile; to the stupidities, in restoration by substitution, that have *petrified* themselves on these walls. The square tower and the front entrance still preserve their antique character, in spite of the modern patchings that dishonour it. When Mr. —— was here, eight years ago, yonder Grecian pillar that we see at the right-hand corner of the frontispiece, as we look out from our inn window, was just finished off, and the interior of the edifice was also undergoing one of those processes of renewal which have obliterated almost everything that was appropriate in the architecture, reducing it (the interior) to the poorness without the simplicity of a white-washed conventicle.

Whatever may have been the previous antiquity of this collegiate church, and whoever may have been its founder, it was rebuilt by John I., and it was one of the magnificent structures that he raised in devout memorial of his victory at Aljubarota. He sent a hundred of his Castilian prisoners to work at the

building, which was commenced on the 6th of May, 1337. In the sacristy there was a curious altar-piece with several figures, altar and all of silver-gilt. This was taken from the Spaniards at the battle of Aljubarota. The armour—thick, heavy, and softly quilted—worn by John I. on that day was also exhibited by the sacristan with laudable pride.

Between the inn and this church, and at least coeval, to all appearance, with the oldest portion of the church, is a triumphal arch or rather a circular temple of pillared arches, called O Padrão, protected but spoilt by a gable roof. In the midst is a pillar with a little curiously-worked crucifix. Near this temple is an olive tree carefully inclosed within an octagon stone wall, with iron railing at top. There are two or three legends about this tree: one of them will suffice. The stone cross outside the church was brought from Normandy by Gonsalo Esteves, as advised in a dream. The church had been till then called Our Lady of Guimaraens. St. Torquatus had lived and died in the neighbourhood, and when his relics were removed to the church, an olive tree which grew by his hermitage was also transplanted to the area in face of the church, and it

furnished the Saint's lamp before the Sacrament with oil. Before the time that the cross was brought from Normandy the olive-tree had withered, but no sooner was the cross set up where it now stands than the tree again flourished and began working miracles, &c. The church then received the name of "Our Lady of the Olive-tree," and the olive branch was introduced into the town arms, and placed in the hand of the Virgin.

Guimaraens is situated between the rivers Ave and Vizella. It is girdled by a thick old wall with several turrets and gateways. When Count Henry, after his marriage with Theresa, was on his way to this place, and it was first seen from the heights of St. Catherine (so called because that Saint was buried here *by angels*, after her martyrdom) an Infante of Leon, who accompanied him, exclaimed, *Quem te deu não te vio, se te vira não te dera*, "He who gave thee had not seen thee, had he seen thee he would not have given thee," meaning, that if his father, the king of Leon, had seen its amenity, its strong girth of wall, the fair city and its richly-wooded and well-watered environs, he would never have detached such a jewel from his crown. Affonso

Henriques was born here. The story of his being besieged here by the Spaniards, and saved by the devoted loyalty of Egaz Moniz is well known, for it is one of the most beautiful episodes in the Lusiad. Whatever may be its historical accuracy it is a poetical truth, setting forth the chivalrous mettle of Fidalgos of old times. At Paço de Sousa, the supposed birthplace of Egaz Moniz, near the right bank of the Douro, five leagues above Oporto and equidistant from Guimaraens, in the church that formerly belonged to the Benedictine Monks, is a monument which is said to be his tomb. Its great antiquity is unquestionable, and its rudely-sculptured *basso-relievo*, but for one unlucky defect, might establish as a fact the celebrated tradition, which the figures are said to represent, of his journey with his wife and sons to the court of Leon. But in a description of the tomb, written latterly by one of the monks, it is admitted that the upper half of the figure of Egaz Moniz was wanting, which the writer accounts for by saying that it was broken when the sculpture, for some purpose or other, was temporarily removed at the beginning of the seventeenth century. But *that* half of the old hero's figure, with the cord

round the neck, was precisely what was requisite to verify the tradition, for though Camoens does not mention that particular*, much earlier writers do, and on these the probability of the story rests. (See the Note of Herculano, who though no respecter of fables and too shrewd to be over-gallant to the lady of a hundred tongues, gives good reasons, however,

* Camoens says only—

E com seus filhos e mulher se parte
A alevantar com elles a fiança;
Descalços e despidos, de tal arte
Que mais move a piedade que a vingança.—
Qual diante do algoz o condemnado,
Que já na vida a morte tem bebido,
Poem no cepo a garganta, e já entregado
Espera pelo golpe tão temido:
Tal, diante do Principe indignado,
Egas estava, a tudo offerecido:
Mas o Rei vendo a estranha lealdade,
Mais pôde em fim que a ira a piedade.

And with his wife and children he departs,
By these dear treasures to redeem his gage;
Barefoot, divested,—with such humble arts
As rather move to pity than to rage.—
Even as a doomèd wretch whose hour is come,
Who, yet alive, of death foretastes the gall,
Bends to the block and waits in horror dumb
The dreadful stroke that suddenly will fall—
So He, as sure his days had reached their sum,
Low bowed his hoary head, resigned to all:
But o'er the indignant king such wondrous troth
Prevailed; for pity has more power than wrath.

for admitting this singular adventure, with a qualification as to the precise date and occasion, into the body of his history.)

JUNE 8TH.

A wet Sunday. Far more rain fell to-day in a few hours than in all the days put together since we have been out on our tour. Lucky that we were well and commodiously housed. In crossing the little square, to the church close at hand, we hardly escaped a thorough wetting. About three or four o'clock the sky cleared, and we walked to the Convento da Costa—of course no longer a convent—most beautifully situated on a hill a mile from the town. In the church is a good organ. The ornamental grounds behind the convent are handsome. There is a noble wide flight of stone steps to the convent front, which faces Guimaraens. You approach it between two lines of stately oaks, one of which is a grand tree. But the great lion or lioness of trees is one of the two *Carvalhas* (female oaks)for which the convent is famed. It stands at the end of what was formerly the monks' bowling-green, at the back of the building, and "is supposed," says Urcullu (in his Elementary Treatise on Geography, published 1837), "to be coeval with the

monastery," that is, above seven hundred years old. We measured this tree. It was 32½ feet (English) in circumference close to the ground, 27 feet 4 inches at about a yard above the surface of the roots,—no such vast girth compared with many well known oaks. It is indeed a grand and *flourishing* tree, with broad and picturesque ramifications, but the trunk is not *one* bole for above two yards, when it forks off into two minor trunks as it were. The lowliness of the main support detracts from the majesty of its aspect. What tales could this old tree tell us if it was a "talking oak," "a babbler in the land," like Mr. Alfred Tennyson's! But, being a female tree, she has all the discretion proper to her sex, and is not given to garrulity even in old age. In her infancy she probably saw Affonso Henriques, the founder of the convent. She grew up with the monarchy, strengthened with its strength, and like an insensible ingrate, ("hard wood" she is "and wrinkled rind,") she has kept up her heart through all the sad changes and decline of the realm, and is vigorous yet, though more than two lustres have passed since she saw the last of her Jeronymites. They were shadows, she is substance.

Guimaraens is not a place to be seen in a day or two, even with advantages of fine weather and a resident Cicerone, both of which were wanting to us: the latter we might probably have had if a more favourable state of the atmosphere had made it worth while for us to deliver our letters of introduction. We were beaten home by the rain, on our way to the castle, a remnant of no small note, for it was the habitation of Count Henry and Theresa, and the ruin is haunted with a tradition that might furnish matter for a score of historical romances. We missed too our intended circuit of the Old-Town walls, which we would have gladly made for the sake of the royal architect, King Denis the Poet, who was a great patron of masons, a builder of lofty walls if not of lofty rhyme. Camoens says of him:—

Nobres villas de novo edificou,
Fortalezas, castellos mui seguros;
E quasi o Reino todo reformou,
Com edificios grandes, e altos muros.

Old towns he built anew, superbly planned,
And towers of strength and gallant castles reared,
Till, with its pride of walls and domes, the land
As if a realm re-edified appeared.

But Guimaraens, the cradle of the Portuguese

monarchy, owes less of its repute, I fear, "in these degenerate days," to its antiquity and history than to those gaily-papered circular boxes of delicious plums that make the name familiar to many an English nursery.

JUNE 9TH.

The rain, which poured all night, did not cease at day-break, and we did not get away till 9 A.M. But we were little or not at all incommoded by slight showers that fell in the course of the day. We first rode to the baths of Vizella about a league distant. There is more than one village of this name on the river so called. The Caldas de Vizella are in a most beautiful locality. In the hollow of a green basin is an open space with baths, pleasure-walks, and houses round it, and this basin is within a valley rich with vineyards and fields of Indian corn, &c., and pastures and meadows. Timber trees, fruit trees, and copsewood happily intermingled, and a bright river runs rapidly across the valley, which is, moreover, shut in by an amphitheatre of hills of irregular elevation, and of all sorts of picturesque forms, clad half way up with oaks, chesnuts, and cork-trees, and then to the top crowded with

enormous blocks of granite, multiform as if they had been shaped by the genius of variety. The road to Vizella from Guimaraens winds for two miles through a most fertile and carefully tilled country, and for about two miles more it has the additional advantage of being part of the admirable new road from Oporto to Guimaraens, which was not quite completed when we were there.

It is pretended that Vizella was the Roman Cinnania, the place which, according to Val. Maximus, offered so resolute a resistance to D. Brutus, who was honoured with a triumph and the surname of Callaicus for a slaughter of the Galicians. The only argument is the name of a house and field, Herdade (farm or property) de Santa *Susanna*, which is imagined to be a corruption from *Cinnania*, because there was never a chapel to St. Susanna at these baths. The name perhaps was bestowed in honour of another and much earlier Susanna by some proprietor of the ground who had read his Bible. The field, however, may have been the site of an ancient town, for at the depth of six or seven feet large quantities of well-worked stone and of Roman bricks, not glazed, have been dug out.—The thermæ which

examiners whose judgment is of far more weight than any I can pretend to have declared to be incontestably Roman are the *Banho de Meia Lua,* half-moon bath, *Banho Grande,* great bath, and *Banho Bomba,* pump-bath, and those opposite the water, on the other side of the river, where there must have been an extensive establishment. These springs are strongly impregnated with sulphur, and vary considerably from each other in the degrees of natural heat.

On a rock overhanging the river is a beautiful Swiss cottage, the property of Mr. W——, an English merchant of Oporto, who had kindly offered me the loan of it for any number of days that we might find it convenient to remain here. Unfortunately, we could not avail ourselves of the offer. I mention it to gratify my own feeling in regard to this specimen of Portonian kindnesses to an invalid stranger, who had only left my native hills for a warmer climate, as a rain-vexed bird comes out from the wood to dry its feathers in the sun and take a strong flight home again.

About a mile from the *Caldas,* between the hills to the south, is the manorial estate, *quinta e honra,* of Gominhaes, which belongs to the family of Cirnes.

In the open space before the house formerly lay a square pillar, which was brought thither from the *Lameira,* the fen or water-source. It had an inscription which seems hardly intelligible; but it may perhaps be easy to an acute decipherer of Latin shorthand-writing, in spite of some officious renovator who had been at work upon it, and in spite of the punctuations which he had introduced, and which had no business there. I give it as it has been communicated to me:—

G POMES IVS
CNCAEVRO
NIS. FNEI
VGENVS VX
S AMENSIS
REORORNIA
NIGO. V. S. P.
QVISQVIS HO
NORE MAGI
TA SITATEVA
GLORIA SERVET
P. R. AE GIPIAS
PVERONE
LINATHVNC
LAPIDEM

General Trant removed to England a pillar that was between the baths and the church of Vizella. Was this the same? And if so, where is it now?

We rode up to the church, which stands on a hill, to obtain of the curate, who dwells close by, any information about Roman remains in this neighbourhood. Mr. H. went in to speak with him, and after a conference that lasted a quarter of an hour, came out with a misdirection to Villarinho, about a league up some stiff country, almost wholly out of our way. When we got to this Villarinho, under the guidance of a good-natured peasant, we found nothing but a *modern old* chapel, and could neither see nor hear of a vestige of Roman antiquity hereabouts. We have nevertheless been since assured that we were very near what we were in quest of. Our ride over hills and heaths and happy-looking valleys was pleasant in spite of a vile bewildering road, which was the worse trial to our patience because we knew that we were all the way near the excellent new road, from which we ought not to have deviated on a wild-goose chase, leaving "a trusty guide for one that might our steps betray." In vain did we try to revenge ourselves on Mr. H. His imperturbable good humour baffled our malice, and here, as throughout our tour, it was impossible for us, under any mischance, to be long or

seriously discomposed in the presence of so much equanimity.

That dreamy, quiet, clever Mr. H. is gone far, far away to the New World. When last we heard of him, he was among the "smart men" who dwell in Natchez. I should not be at all surprised, when next we receive tidings of him, to learn that he is smoking his cigar among the Coctaw or Chickasaw Indians. I hope he is not as irrecoverably gone from us as the treacherous Bonds of Missisippi. If these pages should ever reach his hand, some of them may serve to light his amber-mouthed Meerschaum; but this one page he will preserve; for I think he will not be sorry to know that in sending him our Minho tour in a printed form, both Mr. —— and I echo, in regard to him, the words of a venerable bard addressed to a valued friend and fellow-traveller in Italy:—

Companion!
These records take, and happy should "we" be,
Were but the gift a meet return to thee
For kindnesses that never ceased to flow,
And prompt self-sacrifice to which "we" owe
Far more than any heart but "ours" can know.

We halted near a village, named, if I recollect rightly, Agrella; and while the horses and mule

were led to the *estalágem* for rest and refreshment, we chose our bivouac, for we were no sleepers to-day, in a charming spot by the banks of a clear little river, and there we had our luncheon in a grove of "oaks that hid their knotted knees in fern." We had gray stones for seats, and for our table a plane of granite, that seemed made for the purpose, for it was just of the most convenient height and dimensions. The river looked as if it ought to be full of trout; so one of our party employed himself for two hours in tempting them to "come and be killed:" but the trout, if there were any, did not understand London-made flies, and we had the pleasure of laughing at him for his want of skill, at which he was rather piqued,—exactly what we meant him to be; but the moment he found that out he spoiled the joke by joining in the laugh and putting up his reel and rod.

Our horses were now ready. We left the men and mule to come on at their leisure, and rode on merrily, cantering almost all the way over the new road to Oporto, and thence back to the Foz. We had had a series of trying rides, and now and then rough accommodations, but the Lima might be Lethe enough to

make us forget all poor troubles, and the noble Gerêz is enough to make us in love with them if they cannot be forgotten. To propitiate our Piscator for my betrayal of his ill success in the art and mystery of angling, I will here insert the ungallant man's *Apotheosis* of Gerêz.

SERRA OF GEREZ.

Were I an Idol to adore,
Nor glittering gems nor golden ore
Could so pervert my mind,
Nor Man, nor Woman, nor the Moon,
Nor Sun, the most divine-like boon
That cheereth mortal kind.

The Moon, than Woman lovelier far,
Is yet but an unsteady star,
In growth or on the wane;
Like Woman's too her smiles are sad,
And make the earnest gazer mad
At springtide of the brain.*

The dazzling God of olden days,
Veiled in a mystery of rays,
Hath still too many a shrine;
Too many a Poet's heart supplies
A vainly burning sacrifice
To Phœbus and the Nine.

The strange immeasurable Deep,
Low panting in his awful sleep,
A God benign might seem;
But I too oft have seen him wake,
With every wave a hissing snake,
More dreadful than a dream.

So none of these, Moon, Sun, nor Sea,
The idol of my choice should be,
" Though all have had their praise,"
I'd ask of Nature to supply
Some fixed transcendent majesty
Like thee, sublime Gerêz !

Girt with a stedfast cloud of pines,
His star-loved head above them shines
Serener than a star,
While Eagles with a desert voice
Around their Father-King rejoice,
Or hail him from afar.

Behold the mighty Serra stand,
Grim Patron of a smiling land;
His bounty never fails,
And freely from his generous veins
He yields the streams that feed the plains,
The lifeblood of the vales.

When stormy uproar round him raves,
When winds howl wolf-like in his caves,
And through his forests chide,
A type he stands of sufferance meek:
The peevish tempests smite his cheek,
The lightnings pierce his side;

And when their idle rage is o'er,
More like a God he seems to soar
And shine with all his fountains —
Yet, lip to earth, on height like this,
'Tis but a footstool that I kiss
Of HIM who made the mountains.

We were the last of the lingerers at the Foz. Portuguese and English had all returned to their

homes by the end of October: gladly would we have remained through November, but the weather was so wild and boisterous, no St. Martin's summer this year, that we were fairly driven up to the city a fortnight sooner than we had intended.

How amusingly un-English was this removal. The house was not a house rented for the season, but belonged to our friend, and the furniture belonged to the house, and yet every article of furniture had to be removed to Oporto, and with the exception of two or three small wagon-loads of kitchen goods, mattresses, and such things as could not be injured by jolting, everything was carried up by the *carreteiras*. Between thirty and forty of these merry laughing joking girls assembled themselves round the street-door early in the morning; and there they waited until they were admitted, about a dozen at a time, into the room where the several packages were arranged; and it was amusing to observe what a rush was made towards the burthens that looked the lightest or most convenient for transfer, and how quickly they were deserted for others if the hand discovered that the eye had proved a treacherous guide. After much good-humoured

squabbling among themselves, and no little equally good-humoured rating on the part of their employer at the delay occasioned by all this jabber and nonsense, each helped the other to raise the load to her head, a ticket was given to each which was to be shown to the officer at the city gate, and off the party went to make way for another; and the same scene was acted again and again till the house was cleared of every vestige of furniture. We stayed to see the fun out, and then mounted our horses and rode up to the city, and were lucky enough to escape a wetting—for a wetting in Portugal is a wetting not merely to the skin, but *through* it as it seemed to me the once or twice I was caught in a shower—literally, in less than three minutes, I was just as wet as if I had been soused in the Douro.

In a few days our bright skies returned and continued for weeks; the air out of the sun was colder than I had expected to find it in Portugal, and I often wondered how the camillas in our garden braved the keen clear air—trees, large as common sized Portugal laurels, covered with flowers of every shade from the purest white to the richest crimson. The orange groves, at this season laden with golden

fruit, are truly gorgeous. The fields are as green as English fields in spring; lambs are sporting on the grass as they sport with us in April and May; primroses and violets spangle the steep banks of the more retired lanes. In the ever-green pine woods herds of goats and flocks of sheep are grazing, tended by their picturesque and youthful goatherds and shepherdesses frolicsome as the kids and lambs themselves. The sun too is so powerful that, with all those vernal seemings, had it not been for certain leafless trees in the gardens and hedge-rows, and the keen air *out* of the sun, I should have quite forgotten it was winter, as we pursued our daily rides exploring, for three or four hours, every passable and many almost impassable roads for ten miles round Oporto. Among the passable roads the most beautiful perhaps is the one to Vallongo. I use the epithet beautiful as applied to the country through which the road is taken, and it is equally applicable to the road itself, which is as well conducted across that mountain pass, as well made, the surface in as good order, as any seven miles of that famous road through North Wales before the days of railways. There is much traffic on this road, for the

village of Vallongo supplies Oporto with the greater part of its wheaten bread. It is brought in three times a-week, and if you travel that way on these days you will find almost one continuous string of mules or asses from village to city: the bread is in large panniers, swung across the backs of the animals, each bakeress sits enthroned upon the pannier of the leading mule or donkey of her file, and she guides him by the whip more than by the bridle. It grieved me to observe that very many of these women and girls were suffering from weak and inflamed eyes and eye-lids; and this is too easily accounted for when you hear that these *forneiras* are up at 1 o'clock A.M. to make and bake the bread, which they leave at the doors of their several customers in Oporto by eight o'clock, in time for breakfast (what is not disposed of in this way is taken and sold at the stalls in the bread market, a small square appropriated to this purpose). Well then may the eyes of these industrious creatures suffer, coming as they do through summer and through winter direct from their hot ovens to encounter the always fresh and often cuttingly cold air on the high ridges that rise between Vallongo and the city.

The return mules carry flour for the bread they bring. "Why, then," you will probably ask as I did, "is the bread made at Vallongo?" Because the transfer of bread and flour costs less than that of wood, which is very plentiful in the neighbourhood of this village.

Taking the new road to Vallongo, and returning over the hills by St. Cosme, and so back to Oporto, a ride of full twenty miles, shows you as much of rich and wild and beautifully varied scenery as, I should think, could anywhere be found within the same space. We ascended and descended three or several ranges of hills crossing the narrow valleys that lay cradled between these ranges. A dashing brook or a dancing rivulet made its way down from the bare hill-tops through the pine woods and forests of cork-trees and ilexes into each of these snug little fertile vales, there to inlay the green fields and serve as a looking-glass for the stately cypress-tree, or golden orange grove. The hill of St. Cosme, with its chapel and crosses, is a very striking object—a land-mark to the landsman, and to the wave-worn mariner a well-known beacon: the view from the chapel-yard is one of the most commanding in this

part of the country. The road from St. Cosme to the city is perhaps the best of the old-fashioned paved roads, but bad is the best; and it is not a pleasant road, on account of the number of coal carts you fall in with, and they move along so slowly you have no chance of escaping both a meeting and a passing with the same set—seventy in a string!—each cart striving to out-creak and out-squeak its neighbour. To one who has not heard a cart-wheel chorus in Portugal, to describe it would be talking to the deaf.

I have spoken of banks spangled with primroses in December. I cannot refrain from describing one particular bank and one particular bunch which we fell in with, in one of our bye-way rides. We were fording the stream that runs through the valley of Campanhã. A blind man was feeling his way with a long stick over a simple stone bridge, hardly a bridge, for it was only a succession of long and very narrow slabs supported by upright stones, with no fence whatever. Under this bridge, growing on the river's brim, we spied a bunch of primroses reflecting itself in the glassy pool below, which was not ruffled by two tiny waterfalls that leaped down the bank

from the field above, and between which falls the primrose grew. This was a pretty foreground to a middle distance of green meadows with rising ground beyond, on the most elevated point of which stood the fine old church, neighboured by a large and handsome building formerly a convent, round which the village gathered, its lowly roofs peeping out from among the orange-trees that sheltered them from sun and storm. The village was backed by pine woods stretching away to the blue hills that rose range above range in the far distance.

We had crossed from the Vallongo road and skirted a portion of those pine woods, and how grand the sea-like music made by the wind among the branches! We were perfectly sheltered from the wind, and being so must have complained of hot sun only, could we possibly have complained of anything amid so much beauty.

One of our frequent rides was down the Bond Street of Oporto, the Rua das Flores, through the fish and vegetable markets on the quay, where, by the way, is still to be seen that curious specimen of historical painting meant to represent the merciless doings of the French on Soult's entry into Oporto, in March,

1829, when they cut down or hurried into the river some scores of the unarmed fugitive populace who were endeavouring to escape over the old bridge of boats. Here we crossed the suspension-bridge to Villa Nova, ascended the heights where stands the Serra Convent, and roamed far away into the country beyond. After getting fairly clear of Villa Nova, the first village we came to was distinguished by the high title of "New-Town Paradise," *Villa Nova de Paraíso.* The next village was *Espirito Santo.* Hence we struck off to the right, pursuing our way down to the coast till we found ourselves in front of the lonely chapel of *O Senhor da Pedra,* "The Lord of the Rock," on the wild sea-shore where this chapel braves the waves of every tide that flows and ebbs. Hither the families of fishermen and seamen resort to pray for the safety of those friends who are exposed to "the dangers of the seas;" as the seamen and fishermen also do to return thanks for their preservation, or to implore a blessing on their intended voyage. Hence along the sands for two or three miles, then up to Magdalena, a tree-embowered village, which is chiefly inhabited by potters: happy moulders in clay! for they do not congregate in

one enormous factory, working under one enormous capitalist; but each man's home is his factory, and his garden his drying-ground; and you see him sitting before his cottage door, assisted by his wife and cheered by the sight of his little ones playing about him, while he is moulding, just as they were moulded in the days of Rachael, the graceful jars and pitchers that are used to convey the water from the well.

Another charming ride we made out for ourselves, by keeping among thick woods that still clothe the summit of the left bank of the Douro, and coming out upon the Cabadello-sands opposite Foz. One day we went thither to look at two vessels that had been wrecked the previous afternoon in attempting to cross the Bar. We found this large plain of sand covered with people as if it were a fair. One of the luckless vessels—(luckless, for twelve ships came in by the same tide all safe, and these two were following close upon them) was visible from keel to masthead, standing upright and looking uninjured, in the middle of the channel, where she had struck on a rock which is left dry at low water. But of the other vessel not a trace could I discover, and hardly could I be persuaded that one curved piece

of wood, more than half-bedded in the sand, was all that remained of her on the spot where she was stranded. "Yes," said the Portuguese tide-waiter who pointed this out to us, observing, perhaps, my incredulity, "the sea is a grand workman; he can undo in one hour more than all the shipwrights in Portugal can put together in a month." And true enough; the vessel had been knocked to pieces in that short time; the sands were strewn with her timbers, ropes, sails, and cargo. Already many of the sails were converted into coverings for tents, under which were collected portions of the wreck. Some of the people were guarding those tents, others raking up more wreck to bring to them; others loading oxen-cars with goods so much injured as to be of no use except to burn and spread as ashes upon the fields; others taking away what was least injured to the boats for conveyance to the city. It was one of the most melancholy *busy* scenes I ever witnessed.

One more ride on the Villa Nova side of the river, and I have done. Up the stream to Oliveira, now a Quinta, once a convent. Honour to the philosophers of the cowl!—with what fine taste did the monks invariably select the loveliest spots wherein

to set up their rest! In river scenery nothing can exceed the charm of this situation, whether you look up to it *from* the river, or look down from it *to* the river, which here makes a considerable bend:—the banks are high and steep, and covered with wood; a lateral valley empties the bright, clear waters of its rocky stream into the Douro just at the centre of this bend, and half-way up the bank which overhangs the Douro stands the convent. The site commands extensive views both up and down the water; and within a few minutes' walk from the door, along a path-way shaded by forest-trees and conducted over and round some rocky knolls, you come to a point whence you look down into the lateral valley, with its wood-fringed, murmuring stream winding away through soft green fields; patches of wheat, and maize, and rye; cottages half lost among orange groves and ramadas of vine, or creeping up the hill that closes in this sequestered vale on the opposite side to Oliveira, and on the top of which hill stands the church, guarding the village of Avintes that nestles round it, embowered in wood, with here and there a pine tree, *breaking* with its dark table top the *broken* outline of this rocky, wooded range of hills.

Byron has his Albanian beauty among the workers upon the road, Rogers his statue-like nymph at the well near Mola di Gaëta, Wordsworth his Highland girl, and his Italian girl too; but of all the radiant beauties I ever beheld, the most lovely was an *aguadeira*—a lassie at the fountain in the village of Oliveira. She was about fourteen. Our poets *must* have awarded the palm of beauty to her, had they been present, when, in compliance with a signal from us, and encouraged by some matronly *lavandeiras* who were busy with their linen at the well-pool, she put down her pitcher from her head and joined a troop of youthful companions that were running after us, roguishly begging alms. I will not attempt to describe the indescribable: "to see her was to love her."

In the village of Avintes is made most of the *broa* that is consumed in Oporto and its neighbourhood. Here, too, the female bakers are their own carriers, but their bread is taken by water; and one of the most cheerful sounds on the river is the chorus of voices that comes from these girls as they merrily row along, twelve or fourteen, perhaps, in one boat.

As villages in Portugal are often occupied by people of one trade, so in her larger towns some of the streets are exclusively possessed by particular classes of artisans. In Oporto, there are the shoemakers' street, and the braziers' street, and the carpenters' street, and the cabinet-makers' street, and the coopers' street. To these last is allotted a street most inconvenient in some respects, though near the river, as it ought to be — the very old, and *very* narrow, and very picturesque, Rua dos Banhos, so narrow you might almost shake hands across from an upper story. Yet in this street, before the open door-ways of their dark open workshops, the coopers light their fires, and on these fires they place, when necessary, the casks they are in progress with—a pleasant variety for my young, spirited Andalusian barb, when all of a sudden a blaze of fire issued from the top of a great cask, that had concealed from him the kindling shavings, which might have in some degree prepared the animal for this outburst of flame.

Oporto is a most interesting and entertaining town for an English stranger to explore, and I believe we poked into every square, large and small,—every

street, every lane, where a horse could go; and certainly we carried into these places even more wonder and amusement than we brought out. To see a lady on horseback, riding in English fashion, and in English riding costume, in itself creates what the French call sensation; but to see her in such out-of-the-way corners, the wonder was tenfold, and comical were the remarks we used to overhear, both in the town and country. I was once requested to spare a piece of my "vestido," to make a coat of; another time, I was politely told I was dressed in man's attire; another time, a little urchin ran after me, crying out, "Que diabo" of a long gown! and so on. Almost every child you see, and this is most common in Villa Nova, repeats as you pass, "*I say, I say.*" Do not fear; I am not going to enter upon a lame description of every strange thing and every strange place I saw in Oporto. I will only for one moment allude to its gardens, which make it so fair and so agreeable a city to dwell in; and to the steep and rocky ground on which it stands, and by which it is surrounded. When leaving the town by the Rua Santa Catherina, I was always reminded of Edinburgh. From one elevated point of ground you

looked upon the city at your feet; the sea beyond; the mountains behind you. Proceed but a few steps, and you found yourself amid a waste of grand rock and wild moor, with not a trace of man.

I ought, perhaps, to say a word of one or two of the churches and convents, and of the public library, though I do not forget that many a tourist and artist has been here before me. There are many fine old churches in Oporto, but none that can boast of a tower like that of the Clerigos, which is a land-mark and a sea-mark for leagues. The church of St. Bento is very fine; the high reliefs, in wood, which cover the walls of the organ gallery, most curious, and well worthy of attention. The Portuguese are surely unrivalled as carvers in wood and as hewers in stone, especially in the latter art: they work very slowly; but the work, when done, is first-rate. The church of Francisco is magnificent, and its wood-sculptures (*talhas*) are admirable.

The Cathedral, with all its discrepancies of styles, is of a stately, though rather plain and heavy exterior. It has two lateral towers. Within, it is very handsome, though not gorgeous; but so dirty and neglected, as to make one melancholy. The carved

wood-work of the chief altar here, again, is remarkably fine. This *rococo* is not classical; but even fastidious judges of art have assented to its beauty. There is also a silver altar, of the year 1713, much celebrated for its elegance. The sacristy boasts of a painting of the Virgin and Child, to which high excellence is more than questionably imputed. Large sums, it is said, have been offered for it. The report of such offers for objects of little value too often reminds one of an ungracious proverb, which does not apply to Solomon, who was wise as well as rich.

Some native authors carry back the date of the foundation of this church so far as the seventh century; perhaps confounding the time of its erection with the date of the See, for Oporto was a bishopric before the close of that century. Other writers assert, less improbably, that it was originally constructed by Theresa, the Countess of Portugal, after the decease of Count Henry.

The granite staircase of the bishop's palace is handsome; painted walls and ceiling, the latter finished by a cupola, round which were pictured birds of paradise on the wing. Private chapel of the palace pretty, but not sumptuous, and the paint-

ings very so-so. The apartments spacious, but simple in their "fitting-up." Views from these living rooms, and particularly from the parapets of the palace, very extensive and fine, down the river to the sea, and up to the mountains of Arouca. A pleasing youth, in his priestly dress, black silk reaching to the ground, conducted us through the palace.

The Lapa church, a modern building, of homely aspect, is handsome within. Here rests, in a silver urn, behind the high altar, the heart of Don Pedro, which he bequeathed to his "faithful city of Oporto," and on the anniversary of his death the church is richly hung with black velvet and silver, and the mass for the dead is performed. The urn is on this occasion exposed on the high altar, which is guarded on each side by an officer in full uniform; the body of the church crowded with military.

Behind the church there is a large cemetery, which, when a few more years have rolled away, will remind you of the cemetery of Montmartre. There is another small and pretty cemetery attached to the Cedofeita church, a church well worth visiting: it is the oldest church in Oporto, and one of the most ancient in

the realm. Till those and other cemeteries were recently established, everyone was buried in the churches—a dreadful old custom, not yet obsolete even with us.

When we went to visit the convent of St. Anna, we rode into the court-yard; the clatter of our horses brought some of the Freiras and young pensioners to the grated window. The English lady on horseback, or rather, perhaps, her hat and long riding-habit, seemed to attract much attention, till our two Newfoundland dogs quite "cut" her "out," and absorbed their admiration. In the centre of the secluded court-yard was a pretty marble fountain, with a large circular basin shining full to the brim with limpid water. No sooner was it perceived by the dogs than up they sprang, splash into the basin, and swam round and round it as if it had been made for them. Every now and then they dived to the bottom, and brought out stones, which they duly deposited in the court, then sprang back again, and were not tired till they had not left a pebble in the fountain. The roars of laughter and cries of admiration from the ladies behind the gratings showed that they were as much surprised and diverted by

these canine proceedings as if the dogs had been conjurors. While waiting for permission to see the chapel, we exchanged a few words of civility with one of the elder nuns through the iron grate that separates the chapel at the west end from the rest of the convent.

The city library and museum, heretofore a convent, form one side of the handsome square of St. Lazarus, the centre of which is occupied by a public garden, small, but very rich in rare and beautiful flowers and shrubs. The museum contains many pictures, but no good ones, which is fortunate; for the gallery is on the ground-floor, and so cold and damp that any picture there must soon be destroyed. One interesting relic was shown to us—the sword of Affonso Henriques, no longer a "trenchant blade;" but its very rust rebukes the doubters, who must have a proof for everything. What a pity they cannot evoke from Mahomet's paradise some one of the scores of Moslems whom it slaughtered, or the Cardinal Legate whom it terrified!—I could not get up any enthusiasm for Don Pedro's black cocked hat and white plume; nor for his pocket-telescope, though it was presented by his graceful widow the Duchess of

Braganza. These things are preserved under a glass-case, on a richly-carved stand, placed in the middle of the gallery. The library is up-stairs, a magnificent apartment, occupying two sides of the square of the convent; the old gallery and the cells on both sides having been thrown together to form this one room.

One picture worthy of record, and only one, by a Portuguese hand, have I seen in this city—"The Fountain of Mercy," in the sacristy of the *Misericordia* Church, Rua das Flores.' It is attributed to Gran Vasco, of Vizeu, on whom is fathered almost every painting in this realm of the first half of the sixteenth century, and even of earlier date, if possessing any claim to merit. But if the register, still extant at Vizeu, be correct, Vasco Fernandes (the Great Vasco) was not born till above thirty years after the death of the alleged donor of this picture, King Emanuel, whose portrait it contains, as also the portraits of several of his family. According to the register, Vasco was baptized the 17th of September, 1552. King Emanuel died on the 13th of December, 1521. Whoever may have been the artist, it is no mean performance.

Our Saviour is represented dead on the cross,

which rises from the centre of the stone basin of a fountain; St. John stands on the brim of the basin to the right, the Virgin to the left; spectators, all portraits from life, form a circle round the fountain. King Emanuel, "the great and the fortunate," and his sons, his second wife and two daughters, are in front of the picture. The Archbishop of Lisbon and other ecclesiastical dignitaries stand behind the king; next to them the civil dignitaries; behind the queen and the two princesses, Donna Beatrice and Donna Isabella, are the ex-Queen Leonor, widow of John II., and several other female figures. This group, uniting with that of the civil officers, completes the circle.

The expression of the Virgin Mother and St. John, wonderful! The utter woe of the former in touching contrast with that of the beloved disciple—a sadness subdued and elevated by firm faith in the God-in-man—Him over whom they mourn. A dignified priest, who showed us this picture, expressed himself most feelingly upon it. He said he had been years and years in discovering all its meaning, and that the charm of the composition was still unexhausted.

Much, and perhaps the reader may think far too much, has been written of our out-door pleasures during the winter we spent in Oporto; and much might be written of pleasant evenings at the Italian Opera, which is open three times a week, and whither we went, like many others, on foot or on *donkey*-back. And here lovers of music may really enjoy music; for the house is neither too light nor too dark, nor too hot nor too cold for comfort, and you may go without the fuss of "best bib and tucker;" for to appear in undress, except on gala nights, is the fashion. On gala nights the crimson curtains before the queen's box, which occupies a large space in the centre of the theatre, are withdrawn, and there a portrait of her Majesty is to be seen occupying the place that she herself would occupy were she on a visit to the city.

The almost death-like stillness of the principal streets, festa seasons of course excepted, as you pass through them between 10 and 11 P.M., is very striking to one fresh from England; and you ask yourself involuntarily, where can all that industriously busy and resolutely idle life be gone to, that a few hours ago thronged this very place? No knots of young

men collected at the corners of the streets, no idle boys playing pranks at doors and windows. You may meet or be overtaken by private carriages, sedan chairs, and gentlemen and ladies on foot returning from the Opera or the theatres, or from private parties, but you see none of the lower orders. The industrious portion have betaken themselves to their homes, and the idlers have vanished at the sound of a bell, which rings every night at nine in summer and eight in winter from one of the churches, and is called "The Bell of the Vagabonds," or "Rascals;" and if any unfortunate wretch answering to this description be found in the streets half an hour after the bell has ceased, he is taken up by the police, and a prison is his home for that night at least.

The theatre I understood to be at a very low ebb, and consequently little frequented. We were never there. We found, however, much to amuse, and not a little to admire, the one evening we were fortunate enough to have tickets of admission to a private theatre of amateur performers. The scenery, dresses, &c., were got up admirably, and the acting was considerably above par; there was one really superior actor.

Dinner parties were to be heard of almost daily among the English, and balls and evening parties, which both Portuguese and English attended, were very frequent. The Factory House gave its dinners and its grand ball: and the usual winter balls, once a month I think, were given at the *Assemblea Portuense;* but of none of these will I write, because circumstances prevented me from availing myself of the privilege I had, through the kindness of our host and other friends, of being present on such occasions. One, and I think only one, private ball in an English house I attended, and could not but greatly admire the graceful dancing of some of the young and pretty Portuguese ladies. English women are much too fond of crying down their sisters of Portugal. They go so far as to say that the mental endowments of the Portuguese ladies are so little cultivated, that they can find no better or happier employment for their precious time than sitting on the *esteira* (the mat), which is spread on the floor in the centre of the sitting-rooms, to gossip, and eat sweetmeats; or in standing out on their balconies to stare at such of the passers-by as they do not know, and to bow to those whom they do know. This *may* or may not be true; but how

can the English ladies *know* it to be true, when, with the same breath, they go on to complain of the meanness and inhospitality of the Portuguese, who, they say, never invite you to their houses, though they are willing enough to be invited to yours, and that they are rarely admitted by their Portuguese friends even on a morning call? I think in my account of our trip to the Minho country enough is told of our reception at the houses of Portuguese gentlemen to refute the assertion of want of *hospitality* in Portugal. The fact is, the English ever will carry English habits and English prejudices into foreign countries; and so the English carry London hours to Oporto, and they dine between six and seven o'clock. The usual dinner hour among the Portuguese is three, after that comes the sesta; and such arrangements are not consistent with dinner-givings. The sesta over, the ladies prepare to pay or receive visits. Many families have one day or more in the week appointed for an "at home," which is known in their circle, and where any one of the circle may present him or herself and be sure of a gracious welcome; and this visit answers the end, too, of our stupid morning calls. This plan of life of the Portuguese

of course does not agree with English hours. In our houses the dinner is not yet placed upon the table, and, probably, before that meal and the after-dinner sitting are over, the soirée is broken up. The few English gentlemen whose good sense and right feeling induce them to give in to Portuguese hours and habits, and to accept in their own way of their hospitalities, say that there is no backwardness whatever on the part of the Portuguese to associate with the English. The language, no doubt, is a great obstacle to friendly intercourse. Few Portuguese ladies speak English; and Portuguese, though an easy language to learn to read, is a very difficult one to learn to speak. English ladies will not even take the pains to learn to read it, making a comfortable cloak of a high-minded reason in which to conceal from themselves the true one, indolence—"It is great waste of time to learn to read a language which has but *one* book worth reading, Camoens."—A great mistake, by-the-bye.

These ladies, contenting themselves with a strange jargon, picked up from their Galician servants, which answers for all the purposes of the daily drudgery of life, do not feel themselves equal to enter into con-

versation with the Portuguese, and this makes *friendly* intercourse impossible, and throws a restraint over mere acquaintanceship, which, under its best aspect barren and unprofitable, in Portugal is benumbing in its interchange of etiquette; for these visits of compliment are truly spirit-freezing. You go to the portal, which is always open: if the owner be wealthy, you find two or more servants in attendance in the hall; if he is in moderate circumstances, you must make your way through the hall to the door at the foot of the stairs, there clap your hands or hammer at the door till it flies open, the latch being pulled from above by a string: clap again till the servant comes. If you are to be admitted, and the master of the house or his son be within, he presently follows his servant, meets you on the stairs, gives you his arm, and conducts you to the sitting-room, at one side of which is placed, against the wall, a cane-backed, cane-seated, coverless, cushionless sofa. At either side, and at right angles with the sofa, four or five chairs are planted close together. A pretty *esteira* (straw mat) or a handsome woollen rug covers this square; the rest of the floor has often no covering, in summer at least: chairs and

tables are ranged stiffly round the room, one table, perhaps, in the centre, and few ornaments anywhere. To this formidable little square the visitors are led, and placed in the seat of honour — the sofa; the ladies are seldom in the room, but soon come down from their private apartment, and even the lady of the house would on no account sit by you on the sofa: she takes the chair nearest to you, and the other members of the family occupy the other chairs: and if more are needed, they are placed opposite the sofa, closing in the square. Think how utterly impossible for an English woman, with but a few words of broken Portuguese on her tongue, to attempt to use them, knowing they must be overheard by every one present, and knowing, too, that the Portuguese have a natural genius for quizzing. For myself, all I could say was "Yes" or "No;" all I could do was to look like a half-wit; and all I could think of was, "When may we escape from this pinfold of ceremonious misery?" Feeling certain that the visited would be as thankful as the visitors when the moment arrived for the latter to depart, we made our calls very brief, following a wise example set us by the Portuguese ladies when they first called upon us.

The gentleman again offers you his arm down stairs, and does not leave you till you are seated in your carriage, or on your steed, ass, or mule.

The Portonians, both male and female, are passionately fond of music: they have lately set on foot a Philharmonic Society. On St. Cecilia's day, to do honour to the day, this society offered themselves to assist in the performance of high mass, (the music composed by one of their own members,) in any church the bishop might select for the purpose. Each member had the privilege to admit the inmates of his own family, and, luckily for us, our English host was a member; so we dressed ourselves, according to order, in black dresses, and threw over our heads very large black lace veils, which were borrowed for us from our next-door neighbour, a Portuguese lady; and we stepped into a gay, trim little post-chaise, built in the time of Noah, and were soon one among the train of carriages on their way to the church. I will spare you the particulars of this church festa-day; suffice it to say, we came away much gratified—not with the music, for that, though very good for a concert or a private room, was not fitted for a church, as it too frequently recalled passages that we had heard

at the opera-house—but with the general effect of the building, which was most tastefully decorated with evergreens and flowers. Vases full of flowers were placed on every shrine, and in every niche; the pillars and crosses were wreathed with flowers, and festoons, chiefly composed of the blossoms of the camellia, hung from the ceiling; and the lights from the four or five hundred wax candles, amid the brilliant sunshine that poured in from the high windows, had not the effect of light, but of lustrous jewels, especially those that were burning overhead in the glass candelabra that were suspended from the lofty and richly-ornamented roof. One passage in the ceremony was very striking, when, at a sudden burst of triumphal music from the orchestra in the gallery immediately above the great west-door, that door, which until then had been kept closed, flew open, and the bishop with a numerous company of white-robed attendants entered, and walked up the aisle, with a dignified humility of manner, dispensing his blessing to the congregation as he passed along to take his seat within the rails of the altar. Service then began at twelve o'clock, and was not over till half-past four; but we came away immedi-

ately after the sermon was ended—not a very profitable discourse, as far as I could gather, being a laudation of the saint, rhapsodized with all the conceit of a dillettante preacher.

I have said nothing of the religious processions on certain Saints' days, nor of the decorating and lighting up of the churches for the celebration of the festival of the Nativity, nor of the mournful solemnities of Passion week, because in all Roman Catholic countries these ceremonies are, I believe, conducted much in the same way, and have been described again and again with great spirit and exactness. The preparation for the season of Lent is surely strange; amusing, and very amusing no doubt it is. The masking spreads from high to low; every little child that plays in the street has its mask. Troops of masked horsemen clatter by; and carriages, containing parties of maskers, are driving up and down the town throughout the day, and in the evenings you see them standing at the doors of the houses of the gentry, waiting for their owners who are paying their respects to the family within. A party came to our house and great fun they made. Some of the group were soon discovered. They remained several

hours, and we got up an impromptu dance, always a merry dance. Among the equestrian maskers in the streets appeared a figure representing an English lady; there she sat—and a shocking bad seat was hers—on a side-saddle, her long petticoat almost sweeping the pavement, and her black hat looking not much more at ease upon her head than she on her saddle.

There are sermons or courses of lectures delivered both on Sundays and week-days in many of the churches during Lent, and on these occasions the churches are crowded to excess. I attended a Sunday afternoon lecture at the Cedofeita. We went very early, but not an inch of standing-ground was vacant in the body of the church, not a seat in the gallery unappropriated; and we were coming away in hopeless disappointment, when the organist, overhearing by accident our conversation with a young person belonging to the sacristy, most kindly came forward and proposed to retire with his half dozen singers from the organ gallery, when not needed there, to make way for us, if we would withdraw when his services were required. The organ was directly opposite the pulpit, and parallel with it, so that we

were as well situated as it was possible to be, both for seeing and for hearing. The service commenced with an anthem, and then the preacher rose: his delivery was distinct, his style eloquent, and his manner certainly impressive, though there was too much theatrical action and too much of sameness in the action to please me. He was addressing the poor: the subjects he selected were restitution and repentance, and he handled them in a masterly manner, while a humble and truly Christian spirit pervaded the whole of his discourse; and to me, upon whom it came quite unexpectedly, the effect was stunning, when, with tears rolling down his face, he exclaimed, "Let us not delay; now, now, at this very moment, my children, let us humble ourselves before the Lord, and implore his forgiving mercy!"—on which the whole of that large congregation fell upon their knees, smote their breasts, and wept. Another anthem was performed, and the people dispersed.

One ceremony of the church of Rome, when it takes place *at night*, may impress even a true-hearted member of the Protestant Church of England with religious awe, and this is the procession which bears through the streets the last sacrament to the dying

Christian: a little tinkling bell warns you of its approach; voices are heard chanting a hymn; you go to your window; already the canopy, under which the priest walks, bearing the host, is passing your door through a blaze of light which precedes the holy elements far as the eye can see, while behind all is in black darkness. It is the custom, on hearing this bell, for everyone to hasten to place lights in the windows, and to withdraw them as soon as the procession has passed by; and thus are produced the startling darkness and light, cheering symbols for the spirit departing from a world dark with sin and sorrow, for that other world so bright with love and peace.

If it were for no higher motive than to give myself an opportunity to express private feelings of respect and gratitude to an English Chaplain abroad, for public services faithfully and diligently performed in trying times, through a series of years, I could not leave Oporto without naming our own dear Church, where for so long a time we heretics have been permitted to offer up our prayers and join in the simple rites of our Church, undisturbed by the jibes or the threats of those who bear rule in the

land. There is nothing attractive in the appearance of the building, as may be inferred from the conditions under which permission was obtained for its erection, viz., that it should not look like a church either within or without, and must not aspire to tower, belfry, or bell—none of which it possesses—but the situation partly makes up for these deficiencies; and Nature, with her never-failing bounty, has in the chapel-yard supplied "pillars" of lime-trees, whose branches "have learned to frame a darksome aisle;" and soothing it is to repose for a while under the cool green shade of these aisles, before entering the little chapel, where you are too often oppressed by heat and glare.

END OF VOL. I.

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